

Light of Truth.

An Exponent of the New Philosophy of Life, Here and Hereafter.

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Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Led to the Light.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER X.

JANE GREY.

After admonitions and congratulations, good-byes, and handshakings, the congregation dispersed, and Howarth heartily glad to be free from the infliction excused himself from dear Brother and Sister Avery, who entertained him, and hurriedly walked toward the hotel. Turning into the alley he put on a pair of grey side-whiskers, which he drew from his pocket, laid his silk hat in the shadow of the fence and partially covered it with snow. He drew from his pocket a soft slouch hat which he pulled down over his forehead. The disguise was so perfect that when he inquired for Jane Grey of the hotel clerk, although that worthy well knew him, he did not recognize him. He had not seen her for two years until she arose in the church. After she arrived she had sent him a note saying that if he did not call on her before service that evening she should come to the church and publicly denounce him. He did not believe her, and, in fact, the letter was handed him by the messenger when on his way to church, and it was impossible for him to make the visit. He had trusted to luck, and was immensely pleased with his adroitness with which he had concealed the meaning of her words and gave her to understand that he knew her, and thus forestalled any further damaging revelations she might make. How would she receive him? Would she plead with or upbraid him? Whatever might be her temper he would meet her on her own ground, and, if necessity came, there was a dire resort he well knew of to save his honor before the world.

When he reached the door of her room he paused and taking off his disguise thrust it in his coat pocket. He rapped and the woman he sought opened it and stood before him. Had her face been less care worn she would have been beautiful. Her eyes were large, dark, and luminous, and her thick hair, unloosed, fell over her shoulders like a veil.

"Oh, you!" she exclaimed. "I did not expect you to-night."

"Nor did I expect you at the church."

"I wrote you I would come, unless you came to me."

"I received your letter and gave you credit with decency to stay away."

"Decency! Do I hear aright! To come to the church was my object in taking this long journey. I wanted you to do justice to your child if you would not to me."

"Did you bring the child?"

She went to the bed and, turning back the coverings, said: "Look, there is the boy who bears your name. He is called a pretty child. His ways are sweet and affectionate. Look at him and say if it is not your duty to share the burden with me?"

"Why should I? I am engaged in a work requiring great sacrifice, I am commanded by the Holy Book to forsake wife, child, and home. Now you see, Jennie, I can not forsake wife or home for I have none."

"What say you? Am I not your wife?"

"You probably think you are, for you are deucedly honest and would not do wrong or fall into the ways of Babylon, but I am compelled truthfully to inform you to the contrary."

"You are mistaken, not I."

"Allow me to refresh your memory. We met at your father's house in C— while I was filling an engagement in that city. We fell desperately in love with each other and when I proposed a private wedding you consented. We went out one evening to have the ceremony performed. You thought we went to the residence of a clergyman, sweet simplicity, it was the house of a friend of mine, a nice house, and one of her serving men performed the service."

"It is false," she cried, "false as your black heart. This friend of yours was not as villainous as you supposed her to be, and the ceremony was performed by one having the right as a clergyman. Our marriage is legal."

"Curse her for telling you that!"

"Rage if you please, I am your legal wife, and I come not to interfere with you except as regards our child. I can take care of myself, but the child imposes a double task. As its father your duty is to care for it. Instead you deserted me; left me in disgrace, and as a disgraced woman I met sneers and rebuff."

"You refer your disgrace to me? You ought to have known that a secret marriage was a damaging admission on your part sure to end in what the world calls immorality. You will remember that you were not backward in your consent."

"Well I know that I was under a strange infatuation. I did as you, not I, willed, and even then felt, as I have since discovered, that I was a dove in the talons of a hawk."

"Really you are improving under discipline! The sweet girl who was over-obedient has with other qualities grown eloquent."

"Sneer at me! I can bear it for your mother's sake."

"My mother's sake?"

"Had she not claimed you, I should not have believed it possible for her to have such a son."

"When did you meet my mother?" he asked with feigned nonchalance.

"At the hospital where for three months I suffered after my child was born. Your mother came one day to visit the patients like an angel of mercy that she is, and stopping by my couch inquired of my sad experience. I told her all: our private marriage, my vow to you that I would not reveal the secret until you had established yourself and was able to furnish a home without asking favors of her. She placed her soft hand on my forehead and said, I had been a poor deceived girl, and, as a duty, she would care for me, as she felt responsible, as your mother, for you."

"Did she fulfil her promise?"

"As my own mother she came, and when I was strong enough, carried me to her home. So far as she has been able she shielded me. Yet I feel my dependency. You must redeem your promise."

"Must?" he said scornfully. "Go to my mother and tell her, what she well knows, that I am imitating my father. She

married him for an angel, and found she had caught a very devil. She will sympathize with you."

"Will you cease this baloney? Will you reply in earnest and tell me if you will do my child and your child justice?"

"What if I dare to say no?"

"You dare not."

"Ha, ha! Dare not! Then I say no; I will not."

She stepped toward him, and with flashing eyes and threatening gesture, exclaimed:

"William Howarth, I know your past; two at least of your crimes. As there is a God in heaven you shall."

"You have been in the detective service!"

"Sufficiently to know that before you become acquainted with me, you had already blasted the life of one who had trusted in your honor as I have done, and in her innocence married you, as I But, alas, no hand thwarted your efforts as was interposed to save me. You cast her off, and she with soul scorning the world, with a burning hate for man, rushed madly to that vice which administering to his pleasure, brings him most swiftly to damnation. A word from me and she will denounce you."

"Ha! ha! Indeed, you have improved; you talk with the volubility of a preacher or an auctioneer."

"Hush," she exclaimed, "there is another whom you ruined with your sweet and blasting promises without even the mockery of a ceremony: Mildred Rodgers! Ah, you start! You blanche! Well may you, for she has sworn as she lives to expose you, and bring your cause to a close."

"There you are at sea, Jennie, I have no fear from that source."

"How are you able to speak with such surety?"

"She is dead. Only yesterday she was buried by the people of this town. You are too late."

"Dead! Then, William Howarth, you killed her!"

"Do you speak from knowledge, or have you clairvoyant powers to see through a mill-stone or the bottom of a well?"

"Your cool assurance may not sustain you under the public eye."

"It has as yet met the demands, as you will testify, when you sought to frighten me in the church to-night."

"I at least am living, and as I am alive to-morrow, I go before the authorities and denounce you for the murder of this ruined girl."

The manner of Howarth met with one of those swift changes which astonished his intimate acquaintances.

"You are superb when thus excited," he exclaimed with an affectionate appreciative smile. "Hard as has been your usage you have grown beautiful, lovely as you were. I was teasing you, I come to make reparation and to bury the past if you will do so—oh, if you can do so—and by my devotion make you happy in my poor way."

She looked doubtfully into his face. The complete change at first awakened her suspicions, which were swept away by his tender solicitude. Approaching the bed he bent over the child. "He is awake! Allow me to take him in my arms."

"He is fearful of strangers."

"His father ought not to be a stranger."

How her heart thrilled at that acknowledgment! He tenderly took the child in his arms.

"What a little man! He has his papa's eyes and his mama's mouth. A nice, sweet blending! What say you? Want my watch?" As the child's eyes caught the shining charm suspended from the chain. "He may have it and when he gets larger one of his own."

The child, delighted with the attentions, cooed and laughed in glee.

"It was shameful for me to leave you. I did not realize what I was casting away. Well, well, I will make it right. We will have our own home and years of happiness." Saying which he placed the child in bed, and with that strange influence he was able to throw out, one moment attracted to him, the next it fell asleep. The mother experienced a deep joy such as had not before entered her lonely heart. The castles she had built in the days of her early love were not then hopelessly in ruins. The day would come, was here, when her wrongs would be righted and she become an honored wife and mother, proud of the child of her love. Instinctively she stretched out her hand. She had yearned for these kind words, this husbandly attention, as a withered flower for the delaying rain. From an abyss of desperation she had been suddenly exalted to the summit of her ambition. She reached forth her hand. He gently took it in both of his and kissed her.

"Let us be seated," he said, "and talk the matter over. I shall be obliged to return soon to Brother Avery, who is entertaining me, for he and his good wife will sit by their fire-side until I come. I will call again early to-morrow. My time is taken for this entire season, at the end of which I shall have a snug sum, enough to purchase a home, and there we will live for our own happiness. Meantime do you not think it best for you to return to our mother? You may assure her that at last her prayers have been answered, and having sown my wild oats, I have become a respectable, nay, godly minister of the Gospel."

She fell under his strange fascination, and his suggestions were according to her desires.

"I have a treat for you," he said. "Do you remember my bringing you some oranges once; it was the second time we met."

"I did not know how to peel them properly, and you taught me."

"Well, I have some of the same; they might be the identical oranges. I saw them as I came, and they revived thoughts of that old time. So, I said, I will take her some of these as a peace offering and show her that I remember."

A radiant smile lighted the face of the woman as she toyed with the globed fruit he had thrown in her lap. She arose and placed it in a fancy basket at the table beside which she seated herself. He came to her side and, taking one, said:

"Let us, dear wife, eat this together as a symbol that henceforth we share the good things of the world as well as the bad."

He took a knife from his pocket and with great care proceeded to cut the orange.

"If this be symbolical, I must be sure the halves are exactly equal," he said as he handed her the half. "We will sip this nectar from its own chalice."

Together they pressed the fruit and drank its juice. He continued the conversation, referring to incidents in the past

and making glowing promises of the future. As he talked her eyes began to droop, her head bent forward, she placed her arms on the table.

"I do not understand your words," she said wearily, "it is growing dark. I am so sleepy—so weary—you constantly awake me. Please let me sleep." Her head fell supinely on her arms.

"You held a good hand, my girl, but there is nothing like having the high cards in your sleeve. There is a proverb about a two-edged sword or knife. I carry a two-sided knife, which, when it is used, has the wonderful gift of leaving one half of the fruit it cuts different from the other. Poison? No and yes. It was brewed by a negro, who gathered his material in the swamps of Louisiana with voodoo incantations. She will not die. It would be troublesome for me to have her die. She will, however, awake to-morrow morning raving mad, and a maniac can not testify. Well, Mr. William Howarth, you have had, even for you, an exciting night, and to-morrow another bout with sin and the devil has to be fought. You must quiet the anxiety of Brother and Sister Avery."

He put on his disguise, listened at the half-open door, and hearing no one, went out, closing it gently behind him.

(To be continued.)

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

DEATH.

DR. S. T. SUDDICK.

Death! What a cold shudder thrills us at the mere expression of these five simple letters placed in the position to spell that little word.

No other combination of five letters in the English language can produce a like or as great a sensation. Why is this? Why should the word death have such a potent power over the human mind that its very mention should cause a thrill of horror to fly along the nerves with lightning speed, and chill the blood in our veins to the very heart's core?

Because the meaning of the word is not understood. Away back in the early ages of the world, when the human mind was in its infancy, death was looked upon and believed to be annihilation. Our early progenitors saw their loved ones (for they loved in those primitive days even as they do now) stricken down and die, and although they lighted the sacred fire, performed their incantations, and cut themselves with stones until they were bathed in their own blood, yet no look of recognition came over the wide-open, glazed eyes nor word of love or hope from the dumb lips forever sealed; and only worms and decay followed in the wake of the terrible catastrophe that laid their loved ones low; and so death to them became a terrible monster, and its very name has come down to us through the ages of the past as the "King of Terrors."

Now let us shake off this abject fear, born of ignorance, and tether the monster, and examine in the refulgent light of the nineteenth century; and what do we find? A myth—nothing but a myth.

The discovery is so stupendous that the wisest and most advanced of us can hardly realize it. There seems to be no place for such a fact in the human mind. The old, hereditary idea of death will not be dislodged. It was born with us, has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength, and completely fills the niche in our perception fitted up by nature for it; and while the new idea, the new conception of death, is crowding it hard for admittance (and there is not room for both), it still refuses to vacate the premises and let the new idea in. And so we find ourselves, as it were, halting between two opinions; our reason supported by recent discoveries in the physical field, and our lifelong teachings, at war with each other, much to our discomfort and unrest.

So far I have only made an assertion that death is only a myth; but the days of assertions without proof have passed. The scientific mind demands the proof, and science is inexorable. We must prove that death is really a myth, and where in all the universe of mind and matter are we to find such proof?

If we pile, one upon another, all the sacred books of all the religions of the world, and lay the whole pyramids at the feet of science, she will not accept them as proof; her answer will be, "They are myths, all of them. You can not prove the reality of a myth by another myth." If you turn to the volumes of profane history, its pages are so much more replete with death. If you traverse the world of matter for proof that man is immortal, you find death and decay on every hand, and the proof is all the other way. Everything in nature seems to proclaim death as an ever present, dreadful reality, and we are almost persuaded that it is so.

But now, in the latter part of this nineteenth century, springs up a youth, a giant, goddess-born, like the heroes of old, and he intercepts our path, and like the angel says, "Come, and see." And what does he show us? First, that the whole universe—all there is—is composed of two things, the first takes us into the world of matter and shows it, traveling on its "eternal round," all matter moving in spirals, to illustrate: the worm breeds the butterfly and dies, and the butterfly lays an egg and dies; the egg hatches the worm, and the worm has gone on its little rounds.

A man died while crossing the plains; his companions buried him, and planted a peach stone on his grave. It sprang up and grew to a tree, casting its roots deep into the decaying ody, bloomed, and ripened its fruit. A famished traveller without food or drink saw and reached the tree, ate of the fruit, received new strength therefrom, filled his pouch, rested and slept, and went on his way refreshed. Exhausted matter had been revived, and was again flowing as good rich blood in human veins.

A world is born in space, passes its formative period, is inhabited, rolls its round for eons of years, grows old and dies like our moon. Eons of years more roll on, and as it once gradually grew larger by atomic dust which its atmosphere attracted, it again gradually grows smaller and is itself integrated and wasted; and as atomic dust again goes to build other worlds until it is not, the astronomer points his telescope in its direction in vain. Matter has again gone its atomic round. And a day will come, eons of years hence, when the sun that shines for us to-day will be extinct; yet in no case has death occurred. No atom of matter has been lost; it has only changed its form. An atom is an atom, eternal and indestructible; always has been and always will be.

Everything we see in the physical universe, man included, is composed of atoms of matter, each individual thing being a congregation of atoms and no two touching, each other, held together only by the laws of attraction, and apart by the laws of repulsion. So says science. The atom can not change; can not die; it simply groups itself with other atoms. To whatever group it is attracted it remains while vitality is intact, then drops away, rests, is re-vitalized, and attracted to other aggregations, and so goes on its eternal round, but does not die.

Now, as science admits and teaches the indestructibility of matter, we may consider it proven that death, so far as matter is concerned, is only a myth. So far our young giant is triumphant; but his task is only half finished. Now comes the tug of war. When we leave the field of matter, and traverse the more intricate field of mind, our task becomes far more difficult, and our assertions more hard to prove. What is it that all these ages vitalized matter, and caused these atoms to form aggregations from the worm to the world, from the monad to man? We answer, *mind*. Mind and matter united form life, set up the laws of attraction and repulsion that holds the atoms in form, whether the form be that of a worm, a butterfly, a man, or a world. When mind parts from matter, the process of disintegration begins, and the atoms fall apart from the force of their own gravity, and again go into other forms. But how about mind?

We assert that while matter moves in spirals or circles, mind ever advances onward and upward in the scale of being, carrying with it the germ of a higher and a still higher life. It moves in straight lines, not in circles. Evolution—eternal progression is the law of mind; and it is this nineteenth century giant, *Spiritualism*, and it only, that proves this. And how? By communion with our loved ones, whose bodies we long ago saw laid in their graves.

Skeptical reader, be you Christian or Infidel, Jew or pagan, atheist or deist, rich or poor, white or black, old or young, Spiritualism says to you, one and all, "Come, and see."

When the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon, she journeyed to see him, and her verdict was that the half had not been told her. This is, and ever will be, the verdict of those who investigate Spiritualism. But you must come and see.

If to see the glory of Solomon was worth the journey into a far distant country, how much more is it worth to see the glory which Spiritualism reveals to those who will take the trouble to investigate? Do not stand back and ridicule and say it is all humbug. The day for such lame refutations as that has passed, and you only show your ignorance when you employ them. Tens of thousands of witnesses testify to the truth of spirit-communion, among whom are some of the brightest minds in the world. Life, after the disintegration of the physical, is a proven fact, and death is a myth.

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CONVINCED THROUGH THE PHENOMENA.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

I was persuaded by friends to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism through the mediumistic powers of F. M. Donovan, of Walnut Hills. I bought some slates, cleaned and nailed them together, and visited Mr. Donovan. He tied a handkerchief around them, and hung them on the chandelier. I placed one pair under my feet, and held another pair in my hands. In a short time I opened them and they were covered with writing from my father, David D., and one from my sister Ella, and daughter Lenora, as also one from Mr. Donovan's control, Dr. Abbie E. Cutter. I could very distinctly hear the noise of the writing, and when finished it was in several different colors, no pencil being used. When I showed this to my family, they wanted the medium to come to our home and get the same results there. My son made arrangements for him to do so, and give a physical seance. He agreed to come, and said I could make a sack and tie him in it. I made the sack with two holes in the side to tie his hands to a chair. When we had tied him so it was impossible for him to get loose, we sat around him—my husband, son, Mr. Vally, and myself. We sang "There's a land that is fairer than day," and before we had sang the first verse the manifestations commenced. A guitar was floated over our heads around the room, touching the ceiling, and having marks on it made by the instrument, and so far away from the medium that had been untied he could not have reached it. Hands touched our heads and shoulders. Writing paper and pencil was placed upon the table, and spirit hands wrote messages about private matters (which the medium could know nothing about), and signed names of our friends, in different hand-writing. Lights flared around the room. Voices of friends were distinctly heard from the floating trumpet. Materialized hands took the slates and wrote on them, and returned them to us. My spirit daughter made a likeness of herself so that any one knowing her would recognize it. My husband and son are not now so ready to deny this phenomena as they were, for they know it was impossible for the medium to do the work. Mr. Donovan's guide told us if we would sit at home, our spirit friends would be able to communicate with us. We did as they directed, and now get table tipping and raps. We are therefore grateful to Mr. Donovan and his spirit friends for being able to convince us of the truth of spirit-return, for without this knowledge we would never have made the conditions so our dear ones could come to us.

MRS. MAJOR M. D. WILLIAMS.

Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

PROTECT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS!

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of New Jersey providing that the State shall annually appropriate a certain amount from the State school fund for the support and maintenance of parochial schools. This bill should not become a law. The State school fund should be sacredly reserved for the public schools. Those who choose to maintain schools separate from the public school system have, of course, the right to do so; but they should have no aid from the State school fund. Once the American principle of public support for the public schools only is invaded, there can be no telling where the invasion might end. Such a law would be an entering wedge for the complete destruction of the American system of public schools. No matter by what limitations surrounded, there should be no appropriation of public money for private or denominational education.—N. Y. Press.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

PLEASANT READING. No. 7.

ARLINGTON.

In reading a book by Dr. Eugene Crowell, I found the following paragraph, which I copy because it is "true as the Bible":

A large proportion of those who profess to be Spiritualists are no more Spiritualists than many who profess to be orthodox believers are Christians. They are mentally, and often morally, incompetent to be anything but noisy professors of what is far above their comprehension; but for those who can understand, no belief ever presented for the acceptance of man so completely supplies his religious wants, none so enlarges his aspirations for the good and beautiful, and at the same time furnishes the spiritual aliment which satisfies his spiritual cravings.

Spiritualism is a great deal more than its phenomena. It has a philosophy based thereon, deep as the foundations of the earth, and high as the heavens.

It is a good thing if an antagonist can be forced to talk with an opponent whom he has endeavored to subdue by contemptuous silence. That the Catholic Church thinks it has cause to defend itself against Luther at this late day shows that it fears the ideas he advocated. Father Perdon, in his sermon on the great reformer, delivered in St. Francis Xavier's Church, demolished the Protestant idea of Luther, and made him a selfish, brutal man, whose "eagerness for marriage was the main source of his desire to find fault with the doctrines of the Church, from his obligations to which he wished to be freed."

Father Pardow says: "We Catholics have no reason to be ashamed of our doctrines." "The Catholic Church is always logical, consistent, and reasonable."

If not ashamed, they ought to be. They ought to be ashamed that they find it necessary to corrupt history and utter gross falsehoods about those who differ from them.

There is no "reason" in the scheme of theology, but granting the premises the logic is irresistible. Take, for instance, this plausible explanation of the necessity for purgatory, and Luther's divergence from the Church, as given by Father Pardow:

Thus going through the pages of the Bible we can find evidences innumerable in both Old and New Testaments of the fact that when sin is forgiven as to the eternal punishment due to it, there still remains some atonement to be made before the sinner can enter heaven. It is therefore wholly reasonable that there should be a place—which we call purgatory—where such atonement should be made. And it is also reasonable that the suffering souls there should be assisted by the prayers and good works of their fellow members of the communion of saints.

This is where Luther made his split from the Church. He could not see that the Pope could grant indulgences, for which money was paid, by which atonement could be made by pious persons, not for the guilt of their sins—for which the only atonement is the merit of Christ—but for the penalty still to be paid to the offended justice of God.

Quite at the antipodes of theology is the inquiry: "Will the coming woman be bald?" by Miss E. F. Andrews in *Popular Science*, which shows to what ridiculous lengths the doctrine of natural selection may be carried. She argues that if a woman were bald she would not be able to get married, and hence the bald-headed woman would not transmit that tendency to posterity, while the bald-headed man has just as fair a show for marriage as the man of luxuriant locks. An organic tendency like this would be inherited by one sex as much as the other, and hence the argument proves nothing. The idea that an "old maid" could not get married if she were bald, is a conclusion worthy of a duffer rather than a scientist. The conclusion is that the woman of the future will be the proud possessor of luxuriant locks, while the coming man will in early youth become as bald as a door-knob! It will, I presume, go on until the male babies will be born bald, and never have to trouble a barber.

To go back to theology, Father McGlynn has been received again into the fold, and is reported elegantly happy. The American Pope did it, and the high-stepping priest will no longer attract attention. He ate his bit of humble-pie, mixed with dirt, and is a pitiable example of how superstition will destroy manliness and independence.

There is more than a grain of the ridiculous in the claims set up by Catholics that America belongs to that Church because Columbus was a Catholic. True, he was, and a narrow and bigoted one, too. Luther was only nine years old, and the Reformation had not begun. Catholics discovered America, destroyed the race of the Incas, wantonly massacred the Aztecs, enslaved the gentle natives of the Gulf islands, and by scourge and torture depopulated the lands where they found a primitive Eden. The Catholic Church founded the South and Central American states, even in the throes of revolution, utterly incapable of self-government or of progressive civilization.

Catholics discovered North America, but not until after a century of blood and misrule did the real history of the rise and progress to political, intellectual, and moral power of the United States begin. That beginning was on the day the Pilgrims landed on our shore, bringing personal freedom of opinion, the antagonist of Catholicism.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

SPIRIT WRITING.

MYRA F. PAINE.

We have had a second visit from Mr. Mansfield with perfectly satisfactory results, both in slate-writing and circles. I enclose with this a message received in a circle by a mother whose heart was very desolate by the transition of an only and idolized daughter. It was written in the dark on a pad of paper in a lady's lap, and tucked into the neck of the mother's dress by the spirit fingers, which were distinctly felt, and which repeatedly caressed the mother's face and head—arranging the hair, etc. The mother requested me to send it to the LIGHT OF TRUTH for publication, that it might comfort some other mother's aching heart, and perhaps lead her to seek a medium through whom she might receive testimony from beyond the veil, which would lessen the burden of a shadowed life.

We feel that Mr. Mansfield's visits here have given Spiritualism a new impetus, inasmuch as the phenomena obtained has set many people to inquiring what these things mean and expressing a desire to investigate. He has promised to come again soon, and many hearts will gladly welcome him.

Well, mamma, I must write you another farewell letter, and now you must not think that I am not here when Mr. Mansfield is not, for I am right near you almost every hour during the day. I want you to always keep cheerful and honor my memory (if honor it deserves) by cheerfulness. We shall soon all be together again. I know how difficult it is for you when you feel so lonely, but, mamma, do the best you can. I am real happy, and so is papa. A good-night kiss to you and my dear mamma.

Painesville, O.

If a medium makes blunders, instruct him. If he puts these blunders on the controlling spirit, instruct him also, for through the medium you instruct the control. Spirits are as liable to blunders as mortals are.

PEN-PORTRAIT OF PROMINENT WORKERS.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. J. R. BUCHANAN.

DR. JOSEPH RHODES BUCHANAN is not a man to win the contemporary fame that he deserves, for he has not been in the pursuit of fame but of truth, and consequently is destined to be more honored after his death than while living.

The development of psychometry is enough to immortalize him, but the discovery of the functions of the brain, and of the complex relations of soul, brain, and body, is a far greater achievement, which will win the gratitude of posterity. He has always been an original genius, excelling in whatever he undertook, and kept steadily in view as the aim of his life the improvement of humanity.

He was born in Frankfort, Ky., December 11, 1814. His father was a physician, editor, and author. At the age of seven to eight he was studying mathematics, history, and science. At the age of thirteen he was studying law. At the age of fifteen, his father being dead, he was earning his living in a printing office. At eighteen he became a teacher, and was introduced by Henry Clay and President Peers, of Transylvania University, to their friends. At twenty he began the study of medicine in the Transylvania College. At twenty-one he became a public lecturer on the brain, and devoted himself to solving the problems of the constitution of man. He devoted seven years to this task, by the end of which time, after traveling through the Southern and Western States, dissecting the brain and examining many thousands of heads and skulls, he discovered and demonstrated the psychic and physiological functions of the brain by direct experiment.

The discoverers Kepler, Galileo, Newton, La Place, Cuvier, and the most eminent chemists, even all combined, have thrown less light on the universe and the path of human progress than the discovery of the psychic and physical functions of the brain, which shows the wonderful powers of the soul in this life, opens the way for the exploration of the two worlds of life, reconstructs medical science on a new foundation, and settles all questions of religion, ethics, education, and philosophy. No one can realize this without the careful study of the "New Anthropology and Sarcognomy."

After achieving this immense work in seven years, Dr. Buchanan found all collegiate institutions, with scarcely an exception, barred against any new and revolutionary philosophy—unwilling even to give it an examination. He was compelled to engage with others in the establishment of an independent college at Cincinnati, which was established in 1845, and has been a success ever since—the Eclectic Medical Institute, in which for ten years he occupied the leading position. During this time he conducted *Buchanan's Journal of Man* and the *Eclectic Medical Journal*, published his system of anthropology, and developed in an essay the doctrine of the "Nationalization of Land," which has since, by the advocacy of Henry George, become a national question.

At the same time he took a deep interest in all social questions, and advocated all real reforms. He had laid the foundation of spiritual science in the "Constitution of Man," and might have been the pioneer of psychic science or Spiritualism had he not been otherwise engaged. He promptly recognized and understood the spiritual phenomena when they first appeared in the Fox family, and thus never hesitated to encounter the hostility of the medical, theological, and literary professions in defense of the truth.

Leaving the college in 1856, he gave his time for a number of years to the interests of his family, and the preparation of writings on education and philosophy. His work on the "New Education" is the favorite text-book of the most advanced thinkers, but his work on philosophy has not been published. He has not been favored by publishers, and had to publish his own works.

When the war came on he was opposed to both parties and was the advocate of peace. He opposed the secession of Kentucky, and the tyranny of the corrupt military authorities with whom he came into collision.

During the war, and after its cessation, he acted as chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, and exerted a pacifying influence, which resulted in 1866 in harmonizing the Union and Confederate parties in the state, eliciting much gratitude, and a loud call to become the candidate for governor, which he declined. It is a singular fact that for three years the able politicians of Kentucky surrendered to Dr. Buchanan, who had never been a politician, the management of the State politics, in which his sagacity was happily shown by the results.

Since the war, his wife having died and his family grown up (he has now four children and eight grandchildren), he removed to New York City, where in four years his services quadrupled the attendance at the Eclectic Medical College.

Removing to Boston in 1882 to establish the American University, he found the financial promises not fulfilled, and confined his labors to the College of Therapeutics.

After spending a year in Kansas City without benefit, he has located permanently in California, at Los Angeles, where the College of Therapeutics will hold its annual session in May and June of this year.

At New York he married in 1881 Mrs. C. H. Decker, who died in Boston, March, 1891, whose wonderful psychometric genius is displayed in the "Manual of Psychometry." He also published at Boston the large work on "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," which is destined to mark a new era in the healing art.

Four editions of the "New Education" have been sold. The issue of its fifth edition has been delayed by the theft of the plates at Boston.

The "Syllabus of Anthropology" is the next great work promised, which will give the world a concise view of the new philosophy.

I. N. BOICOURT.

Los Angeles, Jan. 18, 1893.

A JOURNEY TOWARD THE HOLY LAND.

BY W.

For some time past I have, with a few others, been permitted to assist in a mission work among earthbound or unprogressed spirits.

Those who have passed out of the body with no understanding of the future life beyond the speculative theory taught by theology, those who have cast aside all ideas of a life beyond the mortal, and those who are in doubt and dread as to what may be in store for them when they shall have laid down the earth body—in fact, all classes, from the most vicious to those of high educational attainment and good morals, have, for one reason or another, been brought into the conditions which we have established, that they might, in various ways, receive aid and assistance.

There have been so many phases of life and character displayed through the individuals who have been brought to us, that we have received many interesting and useful lessons. The case that comes to mind at this time has given rise to much thought on my part, and the lesson taught through the earth experiences of the spirit whose history is here narrated, has its counterpart in the lives of most of earth's children.

The story of this person's earth-life, as briefly given us, was as follows: He had, up to a certain period, lived as do many men, a life devoted to the attainment of personal gratification and pleasure. Presumably, he was neither better nor worse than thousands of others. A time arrived, however, when he became dissatisfied with the life that he was leading, and fearful of that which might be in store for him in the future life. "Salvation through the atonement of Christ," offering an easy, and, as he hoped, a sure way to avoid the consequences of past errors; he availed himself of the promises held out by orthodox to those who fear to face and work out their earth mistakes, and "joined the Church." What Church it was that he united with matters little, as all orthodox denominations offer equal facilities for the avoidance of personal responsibility for human error.

The individual in question became a religious enthusiast, possessed of great and soul-absorbing desire to visit the Holy Land. He seemed to feel that in no other way could he so effectually exhibit his repentance for the shortcomings of the past, as by a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of his Redeemer. Unfortunately for the consummation of the desire which he cherished, there was an invalid sister who needed his attention and assistance; and he was without pecuniary means, of his own, necessary to defray the expense of such an expedition.

The old saying that, "where there is a will there is a way," held good in his case, as it has in so many others. Leaving his invalid sister to the tender mercy of friends, and appropriating to his own use trust funds in his possession, he started for the goal upon which all his hopes were centered. His longing to visit the land where Christ spent his brief earth life, was, however, destined to remain ungratified while he inhabited the body. As, by a sudden lurch of the ship on which he was sailing, he was flung headlong into the sea, in midocean, and thus ended his earth career.

Had he not been stayed in his course toward the Holy Land, what would he have found upon his arrival there? He would have contemplated a bleak and barren country; and, in all probability, the thought that would have presented itself to him would have been—"well, it is no wonder that Christ preferred the beauties of heaven and the companionship of angels to a habitation in this God-forsaken country and the company of its people; if those who were here in his time bore any resemblance, in appearance or character, to the present-day inhabitants of the Holy Land."

If we each and everyone carefully examine our own desires and ambitions, how many of us will find that we are striving with what power we possess to gain some goal that may well be likened to the "Holy Land," which our unfortunate brother was attempting to reach? And like him, in a greater or less degree, we are oblivious of the rights of those who stand in the pathway of life through which we must pass to attain the desirable end.

The "Holy Land" of some is wealth; of others it is social distinction; of many men political power or preferment; of others inventions; of many it is ease and indolence; while that of some others, is to aid and assist poor humanity. But all alike are apt to trample under foot the rights, privileges, comforts, or desires of those persons, who, through relationship or otherwise, happen to come between them and the object for which they are striving.

It is well that each individual should labor for the accomplishment of some purpose, otherwise life would be monotonous and scarcely worth living. And while there exists such a diversity of ideas as to the end and aim of earth life, there must, necessarily, be both good and evil goals toward which the human soul will struggle. But whatever the goal may be let each one remember that they still find a full and true record of every incident of their earth work awaiting them in spirit life; and that they must face every mistake, and by repentance and labor rectify it, just as surely as they will meet and enjoy the reflection of each good deed done while in the body, and sent before them into the spirit world.

Let each one have a care, lest that when they gain the object of their ambition they find it, like the "Holy Land," devoid of beauty in any form. And that they awaken to the fact that they have long been striving for that which would bring no lasting good with its accomplishments; that all the pleasure and satisfaction which it could bestow was gathered along the road that led to its consummation, only to disappear when that point was reached.

As our homes in the life beyond are built of deeds and thoughts of this life, it behooves us to be cautious how we spend our time here, lest that, in consequence of our errors, the habitation which awaits the laying off of our mortal bodies be small, dark, and poorly furnished.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

SPIRIT VOICES.

U. G. FIGLEY.

Harmony rules in success.

Society is rotten; it is the most corrupt thing under the sun.

The blustering boaster is sometimes humbled; so are pretenders sometimes exposed.

Nine times out of ten the man who says he forgives is a falsifier in his heart.

It is very hard to live the maxim, "Do to others as you would have them do to you."

No good man e'er 'scaped injury
From the wicked world about,
For the truths he kindly taught,
It with evil voice did scout.

Spiritualism

Is the wisdom of the ages,
Known to all the seers and sages;
It teaches man the death of creeds,
And shows what are his greatest needs;

It says the dead do e'er return
To earthly friends, though many spurn
Such thoughts as "from the devil,
Who in such things does love to revel."

INSPIRATIONAL TEACHINGS.

MRS. MARY J. COLBURN.

LESSON VIII.

We have reason to believe that during the early part of the traditional period our planet was undergoing great changes and transformations.

The science of geology testifies to the fact of repeated depressions and upheavals of large tracts of land surface. Whether the submergence was gradual or sudden, or whether it embraced a whole or part of a continent, we may never know, but ancient lore gives evidence that a large and well populated district sank beneath the ocean wave, and only a few of its inhabitants escaped the general destruction.

We pretend not to be the descendants of these few. We know nothing on that point. Doubtless there were people on the globe who knew nothing of the occurrence. But the survivors were an advanced people who knew how to commence life on the new continent. We can imagine fields of golden grain, flocks and herds, vineyards and olive groves, and a season of general prosperity.

The remembrance of this catastrophe must have made a vivid impression on the mind, and the recital of it from generation to generation forms an important part in ancient history.

Bear in mind the fact that various species of the earlier and lower animals are extinct. The rank vegetation of former ages was passing away, and the force that was acting upon mineral elements, decaying animal and vegetable matter, and forming new combinations, was overlaying the older strata with new and better formations.

Meanwhile the race itself had undergone transformations and improvements. Exercise of muscle had given strength and symmetry. Exercise of the perceptive and reflective faculties had enlarged and strengthened the brain, given prominence to the forehead, lustre to the eye, and expression to the features.

Social intercourse had refined the manners, a fitting costume adorned the person, and the human being of this age was far removed from the ape-like pair who sought refuge in the cave.

New experiences suggested new thoughts, and made a more copious language. New and diversified employments led to divisions among the people. To these divisions we attribute the diversity of ancient tongues.

The need of social order originated the patriarchal rule, and civil government was doing its work. Thus the human family had taken many steps in civilization before the pen had recorded the fact of its existence.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

DR. W. M. FORSTER.

Permit me to state for the benefit of your readers a curious psychological experience of mine, and one which may be of some interest to Spiritualists generally.

While investigating the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism a few years ago, it occurred to me to ask a spirit friend if such a thing as "spirit photography" was possible. The reply was in the affirmative, and an appointment was made with my unseen guest for an experimental "sitting" with a view of testing our ability—aided by friends on the other side—for producing such phenomena.

For the first experiment, and a number of subsequent ones, a camera and dry plates were obtained, and after duly testing the latter, and finding them perfect, I focused a lamp on the table, and extinguishing all the lights in the room, made the exposure (keeping one hand in contact with the camera) our spirit friend timed the various exposures by raps; the exposures lasted from four seconds to as many minutes. The first experiment revealed nothing, the plate after development being perfectly transparent. On developing the plate taken at our second experiment—a few days later—a few very small spots became visible. At the third and fourth experiments larger and yet larger spots were developed, and on developing the fifth plate the pretty form of a child, apparently about seven years of age, appeared. I thought it was about time then to let the matter become known—as no one but members of my family had been present at our sittings—and accordingly informed a professional photographer of my experiments. To my chagrin I was laughed at for my pains, but on my proposition to allow my friend to bring his own camera and plates for an experiment (provided I was allowed to see that his plates were genuine and had not been tampered with), my skeptical friend willingly consented to make a trial. The result tickles my risible faculties to this day. When the plate was developed the headless body of a man became clearly visible, and my friend, with trembling hands, laid down the plate and declared it was the "Devil." Since then I imagine his religious scruples have led him to eschew such unholy places as spirit seance-rooms.

A SPIRIT RAP.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

When you read this letter you will probably be surprised, as you know my skepticism regarding spirit manifestations, but I must acknowledge that even my disbelief has been shocked.

My wife lately has been saying that she "saw things," misty and impalpable, but still discernible. On the 25th ult. she said the same thing again, and I laughingly said: "You must be a medium; let us try and see," still in a joke. We lowered the light, and under my instructions she asked: "Is there any spirit present, rap?"

Inside of two minutes a distinct rap came apparently from the table. I pooped out, and said the noise was next door. But she repeated the request, and almost immediately a rap came at our very feet. Still I was unconvinced, although the tears were streaming down my wife's cheeks. As a last test she then asked for three raps, and immediately after three clear, distinct raps in rapid succession came on the table where the first one was heard. I am willing to make affidavit to this, and so is my wife, though I am a skeptic, nor was there a third party on the same floor with us, or who knew of it until after it happened.

WM. H. C.

Ex-Nun Poisoned.

Marguerite Stomer, a former nun, who claims to have escaped from a Montreal convent, and who is lecturing in Birmingham, N. Y., against Catholicism, was poisoned at the Hotel Crandall, Monday evening. Soon after supper she was taken with vomiting, and suffered intense pain. Dr. Stone pronounced it arsenical poisoning. Miss Stomer believes the poison was administered in a cup of tea by one of the waitresses. She says she heard them making many uncomplimentary remarks regarding her mission. She is now quite ill at a private house, but will recover. Miss Stomer says that Sunday she was apprised of the fact that there was a plot to poison her, and she was told to be on her guard. The hotel people scout the idea that any of the dining-room girls had a hand in the attempt to poison Miss Stomer.

Spirit Message Department

OUR FREE CIRCLE.

Every Tuesday Afternoon.

At Douglass Hall, corner Walnut and Sixth Streets. Doors open at 2:30. No one admitted after services have begun. Questions to be answered from the platform will be received upon these conditions: 1. They must be germane to Spiritualism. 2. Must contain no enquiry only. 3. All personalities must be avoided. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached. Mrs. A. E. Kirby, Medium. Mrs. J. Clegg Wright, Chairman.

In justice to both the spirits and medium we would be pleased to have our friends verify such messages as they may happen to recognize in these columns.

All communications concerning this department and questions from abroad must be addressed to C. C. STOWELL, Room 7, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

REPORT OF SEANCE.

Tuesday afternoon, February 21, 1893.

PROLOGUE.

Again we have assembled to learn more of that which pertains to the spirit and to open the door-way that loved ones may enter. And as we look up this afternoon and desire with all the sincerity of our hearts more light and knowledge, that we may understand all things better, and be able to see clearly and view that which is good, and let that which seemeth evil sink away from us. May all here understand the necessity of being earnest and thoughtful; of being firm and proclaiming that which they know to be true, and may the intelligences that surround them, give them the light necessary to see the dangers that lay in the pathway of progression. For there is danger, my friends; there are many things brought to bear against you as Spiritualists, not openly but through thoughts which touch you and sometimes cause you to stagger. But be earnest and honest; the intelligences that come to you day by day have not come for naught, but for earnest, honest work to help you up and out of these conditions, to make your understanding keen, to make your eyes see and your ears hear. These, who are so watchful and who love you, and who desire Spiritualism to grow even faster than it is growing now, and who will bring out from many of the Churches those who know that Spiritualism is true, so that they will stand shoulder to shoulder with you. All this will be for the one purpose to prove to mankind that you are sustained by those who passed over to the spirit side of life, that they do come and help you in time of need, that they do give you quickness of thought, quickness of perception, that you may see and hear. Yes, they, too, have sustained you through the mighty trial that is so close upon you as a nation to day. Oh, friends, as I look at you every day, as I look down in this earth plane, and I see the bitterness that is down deep in the silence, I wonder how it is that this smothering volcano does not burst forth immediately. But, friends, when the time does come, when the trial comes, you will stand steadfast, if you will only be true to self; you will stand and hold up the banner of truth. Though they try to crush you or pass laws to silence you; though they would put away out of this life those who dared to stand against the Church, the mighty hosts that have passed from this earth life, the mighty hosts that have passed through the same trials as we with you, and you will triumph if you will only listen to the loved ones as they bring their love messages to you from the spirit side of life.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUES.—[By C. F. H., San Jose, Cal.] Are there different spheres in the spirit world? If so, would you please give us some information about them?

ANS.—There has been a great deal said about spheres on the spirit side of life. Friends, I would say this, there are many spheres on the spirit side of life. Each one of you to-day in this room, although in the same room, yet each one of you are filling your own individual sphere. There are no two standing in exactly the same sphere, and this question as to the spheres in the spirit realm, I might answer much the same way. You gather together as families in your homes, the same roof covers you, and yet each one of you are occupying a different sphere; so in the spirit world. As you enter there you take with you the knowledge you have gathered in earth life, and thus enter into the sphere where you belong through that knowledge. And yet, your brother standing by your side not having attained as much knowledge as you, enters in at his own sphere, and as you progress spiritually you grow higher and higher, attaining more of the spiritual, and then you will say, "I have gained a higher sphere," and still you may be alongside your brother who is still in a lower sphere spiritually. But I see a question arising in the minds of some, and they say, "Yes, but other spirits have come and said there are different spheres." Yes, friends, there are different conditions just as you have different States. You may leave one State and enter into another, and you may gain a great deal more knowledge in that State, or that higher sphere, if you so choose to call it, than you would in the one that you were in before. But asking about the spheres, I have to bring it home to you in this way. Each one fills his own sphere here; each one fills his own sphere on the spirit side of life, but some progress onward and upward. You may depart, as it were, from one State to another and there learn more, and there are none of you who will be willing when you enter the spirit world, to leave your loved ones and come away for good. You will want to be together as a family. That love which binds you, binds you still and although you may gain spiritual knowledge, go again and again into the higher realms where the older spirits hold their councils, and there learn more and more of their knowledge, yet you will return and stay in the home circle with those you love. There is all through the spirit realms much that would mystify you if you could enter in it just now and see it as we see it. There are many things that we can not explain clearly to you, yet the idea of separate spheres, of being separated one from the other, I have never found, and I have been on the spirit side of life quite a long time. But you can not enter into a higher condition than that which you have gained for yourself while here. Therefore, let every man and woman be earnest and thoughtful, gather all the knowledge they possibly can that they may enter into a sphere of knowledge where they may be enabled to help those who belong to them through the tie of nature into the same sphere with themselves. This is all I can say about spheres, but I feel part of the question should have been, "Will all families be connected, and will they all dwell in the same sphere?" To this I answer, "Yes."

QUES.—[By W. H. F., Willis Springs, Mo.] When infants die are there angels waiting to take charge of them and take them into the next life?

ANS.—There is no babe born in the spirit realm unattended. When you expect a stranger in your home here upon the earth plane you are ready and waiting for it, and so it is when the spirit is born into the spirit world. There are those ready and waiting for that little one and it will be raised and taught with all the kindness, with all the affection that it would be upon the earth plane. We have our nurseries; we have our schools, all that you have, only in a higher order, and each babe is received by some one, generally some relative, and then it is cared for by those who have chosen this as their employment on the spirit side of life. I would have you come with me in spirit and view our baby land, for we have our babies here; they are all in their homes and with the

ones who love them, and yet they are gathered in schools, and every babe and every youth that comes is taught the higher lessons of life, and yet those babies are brought again and again into the earth life that they may learn the earth lessons as well as the spiritual lessons on the spirit side of life. Every mother who has lost a child must feel sometimes the touch of the dear little hand as it nestles closely to her bosom; she must feel the pressure of its cheek against her own, for those who care for them, bring them to you, that they may know, that they may learn lessons, and oftentimes those babies stay quite a while in the home life, not unattended, but with those who care for them. Each of them when born into this life have a guardian angel, and that guardian angel still guards and cares for that babe when it has been born into the spirit realm. It is one of the many who takes charge of your little ones. Then grieve not, but know that there is as much love, oh, yes, a stronger love around your babies on the spirit side of life than even on this side of life. The mother's love is deep and while she thinks it is the dearest thing to her here, yet the love that she bears is not as the love of the spirit. When she enters the spirit world, she will understand what I mean that her love is not as deep, for she can not understand the fullness of love upon the earth plane. You may think you know; you may think that you understand it all, but you don't. Love is different from that which binds you together here and holds you together as families, and which binds you still upon the spirit side of life. Yes, your babe is received with love and loving care. It is there nursed, is taught, and all the talents which that child has will be developed spiritually. You will find, possibly, your child a great musician, or possibly a great artist on the spirit side of life; whatever it would have been here, it will be greater and grander there. Every one has a talent; some have many talents, and you must not grieve and call your child back and back again to you, but you must rest assured that it is brought to you, and it is oftentimes near you and it must be educated on the spirit side of life as well as on the earth side. It must have earth experience. It must be educated on both sides of life, and that is why I say it is brought to you every day that it may learn of the earth as well as of the spiritual.

QUES.—[By V. McN., Fairmount, Ill.] Is there any precept in the teachings of Jesus Christ that should be discarded?

ANS.—Not as I understand it. When Christ journeyed upon the earth plane, he taught the true doctrine. He did not give but one commandment and that was that you love your neighbor as yourself, and that you do unto your neighbor as you would have your neighbor do unto you. All through the earth life of Jesus we find that he strives to do all that he can for the uplifting of humanity. We find that he goes out with the fullness of his love and tries to do good in every direction. He heals the sick, comforts those who are in sorrow, speaks and they say the dead arise; but friends, I do not believe they were really dead. I believe that they were asleep, and when Jesus spoke he awakened them. Deeply entranced they may have been, so deeply entranced that those who loved them thought they were dead. I would not take one thing away from the teaching of Jesus, but I would deny that which is taught in your pulpits every Sabbath day. I would deny the birth as it is there represented. I would accept the man Jesus as my brother, the same as I accept you. I would say that he was one who had given all of his life for good work, one who had dared to stand up for the truth, one who had dared to proclaim that he and the father were one, and as I understand it to-day I also say that Christ and the father were one. And you and the father are one, for the father is in you and you are in the father, because you are a part of the divine whole, and you can not in any way escape this, and if it had been understood in that day as it is to-day, then would men have acted differently towards Jesus Christ, for they could have understood all that he taught. We of to-day understand better, and if we read the New Testament, if we read the life of this man with the spiritual eyes open, we understand many things that were not revealed in the days when Christ lived, and to-day when your ministers stand and preach that through Christ's death is the only hope of salvation, I would say that Jesus did not teach this. He did not teach it as they teach it to-day. He may have taught it in a certain way. He may have said and did say, "If ye follow me, then shall ye dwell with me in the mansion of our father," but if you read diligently, you will not find, "If you do not believe in the blood of Jesus ye shall be damned." I have read the Scriptures; I have taught them just as they teach them to-day; I taught election, that a certain number would be saved, and a certain number damned, but when I entered the spirit realm, I saw this was not so. When I saw my brother in the spirit brighter even than I, one that I supposed would never be in the heavens above but rather in the regions below; when I saw that brother, then was I condemned, indeed, for I exalted myself. I was not humble like my elder brother Jesus; I thought that I was righteous, I was like the Pharisee. Now, friends, if you take the life of Jesus for your example, I would not have you change it; I would have you go out in the highways and by-ways and seek the sick and the needy; I would have you seek the sick and the sorrowing; I would have you speak words of comfort to them; to do the work that this elder brother did, and through this you will gain a high place in the home over there. You will then enter into the higher spheres, for you will have done your work well; you will have done that which would bring you happiness here and happiness in the hereafter, and, my dear friends, heaven and hell are not which I taught when upon the earth plane. There is no lake of fire; I have not found it; there is not a city walled in, with streets of gold and walls of precious stones, but there is a heaven, and it is a condition, which each one of you can have. You can have it here by living every day to your highest, by trying to do all the good you can, by trying to make some one happy. Then will you earn happiness, and, friends, there are many of you to-day living in little hells made by your own selfishness. So, whilst I would not have one thing taken away from the Lord Jesus Christ, as he is called, and as my brother calls him who asks the question, whilst I would not have one word taken away from the teachings, yet I would say to you all of the ministers that speak to the people should tell them the truth as they understand it. Teach as you feel you know; accept nothing outside of the natural law, and when you speak of Jesus being your Savior, know that it is only through following his example that he can save. All of the blood that ever flowed will not cleanse your soul from one sin. You must do your work yourself, and do it well. If you make a mistake to-day, try to rectify it to-morrow, that it stands not in condemnation against you in the by and by.

QUES.—[By C. L., Findlay, Ohio.] Why is it that a feeling of depression comes upon a medium just before receiving a high influx of thought from a spirit guide or when long desired attainments are within reach?

ANS.—I can scarcely say why you should feel depressed just before receiving that which you so earnestly struggled for, unless it is you have become so very negative that you seem to feel a slow weakening of your own physical self just before the great power of the spirit is brought to you. I have often seen mediums in this condition, and although a spirit, I can not explain it to you as I would desire. There must be forgetfulness of self before the spirit can take full possession of any instrument, and the setting aside of self will sometimes bring a depression upon the instrument, but it is only for a moment, and then the great thoughts that the spirit

brings to you seems also to bring up new strength, even to the physical body. All spirits that control instruments must have the full power over their physical, mental, and spiritual powers; they must have them under complete control, and as we draw close we sometimes have to almost prostrate the body, have to almost lay our instruments down, before they will give up self, so that we can take full possession of them. That I had to do with my instrument before she would yield, but she seemingly did not understand that she resisted the spirit; still, friends, it is the only way I can answer this.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Samuel J. Rogers.

The first person that approaches me is a very old gentleman. He tells me that he passed out in 1865, and whilst he comes this afternoon and feels anxious to send a message to those who are near and dear to him he says that he did not understand anything about Spiritualism before. He has a son to-day who is a Spiritualist, and he seems to be very earnest, and he wants this son to know that he is oftentimes with him in the home, and that he is glad that he has learned this truth which he knew not of. He says: "My name is Samuel J. Rogers, and I come from Kansas City, Mo., and my son lives in Kansas City, Mo., and his name is Joseph Rogers. I desire this message to reach him and know that it will. There are two conditions in his earth life which is very trying to him, but I would say to him be hopeful, all things will be well soon."

Deborah West.

The next person who stands here is an elderly lady who gives me the name of Deborah. She says: "I am glad to come this afternoon. I desire to send love to those on the earth plane who are near and dear to me, and I scarcely understand all that comes to them in this earth life, for there have been many conditions that have surrounded them. I want them to know that I am interested in all that pertains to their earth life, am oftentimes with them, and I would say I desire that my son and daughter should know that their mother is with them, which I feel they at times realize. My home is Ashley, Ohio."

J. P. Wilson.

Chairman and Friends: I am glad to be with you this afternoon. I am glad that I can come from the spirit side of life and bear testimony. Oh, how grand and beautiful it is, that although we have passed away, our material body has returned to the elements from whence it came, but we live and love, and I, a spirit, rejoice because I can return and voice my love to the dear ones who still linger in the earth life. I knew and accepted Spiritualism before I passed over, but there are many who are near and dear to me who do not understand, and I am very desirous that they should seek and find this great pearl. There is nothing that could take the place of this great truth. It helps you whilst you linger in the earth plane, and when you enter the spirit life you enter in ignorance, but you enter with the knowledge that gives you a higher place spiritually than you could possibly have if you knew not of it. My name is J. P. Wilson, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Adam Boebinger.

There is a gentleman standing before me who calls himself Adam. He says: "I am glad to come this afternoon. I desire to send love to my wife. I want her to know that I and the three children are oftentimes with her. She said a few days ago that she would love to have a message from me. I stood just beside her when she said those words, so to-day I send the message. I want her to know that I am never far away, and as love is true, I could not cease to love her, and that my guardian care will always be with her, and I sign my name Adam Boebinger."

Richard Cox.

Give my love to all my friends. From Mason, Ohio.

Robert H. Bennett.

Sends love to son John Calvin Bennett. From Mason, O.

Will Brown.

Was drowned off the boat Pat Rogers when she was burning. He wants to send a message to his father, sister Cora, and brother Robbie. Says he was twenty-one years old when he was buried.

Dr. Williams.

To his friend, Mrs. Lena Miles, of Columbus, Ohio. He brings Bo, also Frankie, who says he is with mamma so much, and hopes she will get well and sit regularly, that her dear spirit friends may come and manifest to her. He sends love to Willie. Brother Ernest comes and sends greetings to his dear wife and children, and assures them that he often comes to them at home. Celestia brings blessings from the highest spheres, and thanks her kind medium for her good resolves and the pleasant conditions she makes for the spirits. He is from Columbus, Ohio.

Harry Bradley.

I passed out in the water. I was washing my father's luggage; the wheel slipped, and I fell in the water and was drowned. I often visit my old home, and feel especially interested in my Indian brother. He has grand powers, and I hope he will become thoroughly developed. Tell my parents I am very happy in spirit life and am always delighted when I have a chance to communicate. Love to all the dear ones. My people live at 1331 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

VERIFICATIONS.

[to the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

On looking over last week's LIGHT OF TRUTH I saw a spirit message from my control, Dr. Corliss, and from my dear old Indian control, Portopeke, and his two dear daughters, and from my two brothers, John and George, and from dear mother and father, and dear Annie Delano. God bless them all and all the dear ones on the other side, and God bless you, Brother Stowell, and all your angel band and the grand and glorious Free Circle of the LIGHT OF TRUTH is the payer of your brother for the truth. DR. D. ALGER.

Dayton, O., February 28, 1893.

[to the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

Last week in the spirit messages in that grand spiritual paper, the LIGHT OF TRUTH, Dr. Alger pointed to a message at the bottom of his spirit message: "Mischief sends his love to ma and pa," etc. That is my dear son Bertie; I call him Mischief. God bless him and all the dear ones on the other side. He sends his love to his sister Dollie and his two brothers here in Dayton, and his sister-in-law Alice and his two brothers away from home, Harry in Chicago and Dr. man in Iowa. Everything he gave is correct. Now, Father Stowell and the dear mediums and all connected with the grand Free Circle of the LIGHT OF TRUTH, God bless and keep you all, and may all the good angels ever be with you and all connected with the Free Circle and the grand and glorious paper, the LIGHT OF TRUTH, to guide and guard you aright. This is the prayer of your brother for the truth. I can not find words to express my thankfulness to the All-wise, the All-father who has opened or taken the scales from my eyes and enabled me to see the truth. Good-by for this time. SUTHERLAND W. BUSSRY.

1217 East Fifth Street, Dayton, Ohio.

The Progressive Lyceum.

How to Organize.

"How shall we proceed to organize a Lyceum?" "Must we have some one with us to show us how to conduct the meetings?"

Such are a sample of the numerous inquiries that have been received, showing that there is a great awakening among Spiritualists on the subject.

If, after arrangements have been made, some one acquainted with the lyceum is present to explain its working it will prove advantageous, but it is not necessary. With the "Lyceum Guide," soon to be issued, everything is so clearly explained there is no need of any other source of information.

Awaiting its publication we give reply to our correspondents that the movement is not under the control of any central grand lodge, or obscured by rituals, signs, passwords, or initiations. It is too broad and free for that. It requires energetic work on the part of a few to start with, and then the enthusiasm of the members will carry it along.

If you wish for a society in your town or neighborhood talk the subject over with those you think may be interested, and call a meeting at your house. Then decide on your plans. If you are few in numbers you can meet at a private residence. If in a town you will surely need a hall, and will find it best to secure a good and pleasant one. Bear in mind that it is equally for adults as well as children, and that numbers do not measure success.

At the first public meeting the officers should be chosen. These consist of a conductor and assistant; a guardian and assistant, two guards, a secretary, treasurer, librarian, and leader for each group. When these are chosen it is best to bring the business of the organization before a "Leader's Meeting," expressly called, which includes all the officers and such members as care to attend, before it is brought before the lyceum in public session. In this manner all jars and conflicts of opinion are settled, and only the harmonious result comes before the lyceum.

The scheme of this organization is to make each and everyone go on in their own sphere, and do all they can for their own benefit and for others.

Above all things cultivate the true spirit of Spiritualism. Keep free from envy, jealousy, or selfishness. Be content with having the good done and the lyceum succeed no matter who is the active agent for pushing forward the work.

There are appropriate banners for the groups, badges, and flags, but these are not essential and may be procured at any time. The flags are the stars and stripes, in size corresponding to the groups, the group from six to eight years having the smallest. The badges are formed of different colored ribbon, and the entire outfit can be readily made by the members.

Silver Chain Recitation.

VOICES OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.

A wailing voice came up a desolate road.
Dreadfully, dreadfully, dreadfully!
Where mankind have trodden the by-way of blood,
Wearily, wearily, wearily!
Like a sound of the Dead Sea, all shrouded in glooms;
With a breaking of hearts, fetters clanking, men groaning.
Or chorus of ravens, that creak among tombs,
It comes with the mournfullest moaning:
"Weep, weep, weep!"

Yoke-fellows, listen
Till tearful eyes glisten
'Tis the voice of the Past—the dark, grim-faceted Past
And as the shriek of the midnight blast
Weep, weep, weep!
Tears to wash out the red, red stain,
Where life ran a deluge of hot, bloody rain,
Weep, weep, weep!

There cometh another voice sweetest of all,
Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily!
And my heart leaps up at its glorious call,
Merrily, merrily, merrily!
It comes like a soft touch of spring-tide, unwinding
The thrill of oppression that binds us;
It comes like a choir of the seraphim, harping
Their gladdest music around us—
"Hope, hope, hope!"

Yoke-fellows, listen
Till tearful eyes glisten
'Tis the voice of the future, the sweetest of all,
That makes the heart leap to its glorious call.
Hope, hope, hope!
Brothers, step forth in the Future's van,
For the worst is past,
Right conquers at last,
And the better day dawns upon suffering man.
Hope, hope, hope! —Gerald Massey.

Lesson. Suggestive Outline.

TEMPERANCE—BE TEMPERATE IN ALL THINGS.

A true system of morals must begin with diet, and by that highest law we can regulate our conduct as regards our food, as hunger was given to compel attention to physical waste. When that is met it is sufficient; further gratification is not desirable, and opposed to physical and mental well being.

Intemperance has two relations—to the mind and the body—and not trust exclusively as they do mental influence. Intemperance is a disease and should be treated as such. The body should be sustained by healthful diet and tonics that take the place of alcohol, until the natural action is established.

Thus appeals to the will and morality may be made with prospects of being heeded. The inebriate, whether on alcohol or morphine, is made the victim of a false moral and mental philosophy. It is said he knows better, and might reform if he would. He may have inherited a constitutional tendency, craving alcohol more insatiably than others crave water, or ignorantly he may have induced such a state.

Is he to be censured? Rather should he receive unmeasured pity.

The difference between a habit and a natural demand, is that the latter is for something inherently necessary for the support of the organism, while the former is for something which has of itself created the desire. The desire for water is not a habit, but a necessity of being, while the desire for alcoholic drinks is a habit, because such beverages have caused the peculiar changes in the system which call for these beverages instead of water. The same is true of tobacco, opium, etc., the use of which leads to the habit. They induce a change felt by the mental and moral perception.

The feverish antagonism of the present civilization calls for stimulus as the flagging racer is urged onward by the spur, and overworked creates a demand for stimulant. Nature requires simply rest that she may recuperate, but there is not time to rest. The pleasures of the future are sacrificed to that of the moment. When the drink-habit is once established every atom of the body becomes adjusted to the presence of alcohol. This induced state demands alcohol, just as the normal demands water. The withdrawal of each particle of alcohol, when the attempt of reform is made, increases the irresistible desire, we shall be temperate in drinking, in eating, and in all habits.

Closing Song.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

A clear bright eye
That can pierce the sky
With the strength of an eagle's vision,
And a steady brain
That can be true to strain
And shock of the world's collision;

A well-knit frame,
With the ruddy flame
Aglow, and the pulses leaping
With the measured time
Of a dulcet rhyme,
Their beautiful record keeping;

A rounded cheek,
Where the roses speak
Of a soil that is rich for thriving,
And a chest so grand
That the lungs expand
Exultant without the striving;

A breath like morn,
When the crimson dawn
Is fresh in its dewy sweetness;
A manner bright,
And a spirit light,
With joy at its full completeness

Oh! give me these,
Nature's harmonies,
And keep all your golden treasures;
For what is wealth
To the boon of health
And its sweet attendant pleasures.

—Mrs. M. A. Kiddy.

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Rejected ads will not be returned without postage accompanying the same—nor preserved—beyond thirty days after receipt.

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OUR SUPPLEMENT.

It was our intention to issue a supplement with to-day's LIGHT OF TRUTH; but by a miscalculation in the arrangements needed to get ready, we were compelled to postpone it for next week. In connection herewith, however, we may say that, besides an able lecture by Willard J. Hull, especially reported for this supplement, an excellent synopsis of a lecture recently delivered in this city by Robert G. Ingersoll, our readers will be regaled with a fine essay from that grand old worker in the cause, Mrs. A. H. Luther, also written for this occasion. Thus our readers have a treat in store which we trust they will appreciate.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS.

The nation is confronted by one of the most momentous issues ever brought before it, and the prosperity or ruin of the next generation depends upon the manner in which it is met. It is not now the time or place to indulge in party recrimination, or to accuse this or that line of policy as responsible for the result: the condition confronts us. It may be justly said that during the last campaign the people were blinded to the real issue by the partisan dust of tariff reform and protection. Had they stopped to think they would have seen that anything approaching free trade is impossible as long as the expenses of the government reach the vast number of millions which must be collected by duties, or the method of taxation radically changed. The burden may be shifted from one shoulder to the other, but must be sustained. Tariff and tin shut out the view of the financial state of affairs, and the nation drifted, allured by the false beacons of Wall Street, directly on the breakers.

It is admitted on all sides that the incoming party has to deal with a situation alarming as it is difficult, and comes to the work handicapped and bearing excessive burdens. It can be foreseen from the start that it will be impossible for its leaders to redeem the pledges they made to their constituency.

What, briefly, is the situation?

In October, 1892, there was in the United States Treasury \$164,530,000 in gold, and \$356,173,000 in silver. Since that time the silver has increased and the gold decreased to nearly the reserve limit of \$100,000,000.

Against this coin, October 1, 1892, was \$146,555,000 in gold certificates, and \$329,469,000 in silver certificates.

It has been the aim, since resumption, to make all the various kinds of money interchangeable, and one of exactly the same value as the other. To such an extent was this carried that by an unfortunate decision of the Secretary of the Treasury silver certificates were paid in gold at the demand of the holder.

It would appear by the statement of October 1, 1892, that there was an abundance of circulating medium, as it is placed at \$2,195,000,000, or \$24.23 per capita. But the gold and silver held in the treasury subject to certificates is not in circulation as the treasury reports constantly state. This is \$533,000,000, or one-fourth the entire amount, which reduces the per capita rate to \$16.16. The items show one peculiar feature. The National Bank note circulation is \$172,786,000, while in 1882 it exceeded \$358,700,000, or rather more than twice as much. This means the drawing in of money from the extremities and its congestion at commercial centers. This of itself is an unhealthy indication. It does not matter how much money there is in the country if it is held by a few central banks. It is the money that gets out in the South, West, and Northwest that is felt. That it is not drawn there means poor crops and low prices.

The silver bill wrought such unexpected results that the leaders have lost faith in themselves. One thing is certain, the government can not go on indefinitely buying silver and storing it. Should it attempt to sell what it has already, silver would sink below monetary value. The sooner it stops buying the better. Yet it is asked what will be the effect of this stopping? It would affect the confidence in silver value, and probably show how impossible it is to keep the values of gold and silver together.

The situation in fewest words may be thus stated:

There is \$100,000,000 in gold in the treasury on which is issued \$146,000,989 in gold certificates; \$329,469,504 in silver certificates; \$112,484,355 in treasury notes; \$346,671,016 in United States notes. Total—\$934,635,644.

This exceeds wild-cat banking, for the myth was held to that there should be a reserve of one dollar for three of issue, while here is over nine dollars of issue for one, and even taking out the silver, six for one. The circulation is admitted to rest on a gold basis and the vast issues of over two billion dollars and the financial credit and honor of the country rests on the \$100,000,000 gold reserve. This sum is held for great emergencies, and it is conceded that if impaired would bring gold to a premium, and if largely drawn on bankrupt the government.

Now, just this crisis has come. The gold is going out rapidly, and no one can tell why it is taken or where it goes. By a concerted action the stream of gold going into the treasury became a tiny rivulet, and the stream going out a rapidly deepening and widening crevasse.

What prevents capitalists forming a syndicate for the purchase and holding of gold? They would have only to make the attempt, and every gold piece in circulation would hide itself away. The syndicate would only have to deal with the treasury. Presenting certificates and taking gold, which the government will be compelled to immediately repurchase.

Of all the gold flowing out of the treasury, it is safe to say not one-third is for foreign demand. Even that shipped abroad, it is probable a large proportion is held in trust. If the myth of the necessity of a gold basis be upheld, such is the inevitable result sure to come, and no law or device can be more than a make-shift putting off for a brief time the evil day.

There is only one resource, and that is the issue of national treasury notes, based, not on gold, but on the wealth of the nation, and sustained in value by the guarantee that their issue shall not exceed a fixed per capita rate. The value of these notes would be far more stable than that of either silver or gold. The main argument for these metals as money is their stability, and yet we have seen the gold rise to twice its present value, and we are now menaced with the danger that it will increase. What would we think of such a transaction as purchasing cloth by a yard-stick two feet long with the chances that it would be five feet long when we sell the same cloth? Yet it is precisely such a measure as is furnished by the metals. The only absolutely fixed and unchanging dollar is a government note with the pledge that only the amount demanded by the business of the country shall be issued. All arguments against this form of money are based on instances of unlimited issue and the supposition that if the redemption was not made in gold the paper was worthless.

The Primacy of St. Peter and the Pope's Authority.

Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, preached a remarkable Lenten sermon recently on the primacy of St. Peter and the authority of the Bishop of Rome.

The autocracy of the Pope viewed from his standpoint and in his language that "there is no clearer doctrine of the Church—there is nothing more clearly approved by the Scriptures than the primacy of St. Peter over his fellow apostles," is logical enough if no exceptions are taken to the premises. But the premises are false; therefore the pretensions of the Bishop of Rome are simply usurpations, blasphemous in their nature and contrary to reason. Charles Darwin's father thought he could make a preacher of the future naturalist, and Charles Darwin tells us he read Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," his "Natural Theology," and his "Moral Philosophy." He says they gave him much delight. "I did not at that time," he says, "trouble myself about Paley's premises, and, taking these on trust, I was charmed and convinced by the long line of argumentation." It is for precisely similar reasons that the Catholics of the world accept the Pope's autocratic rule. Rome never changes, but Darwin and his co-laborers revolutionized human thought on the subject of life and destiny. Rome is just where she was when she ridiculed, slandered, and denounced Darwin. When Darwin began to question the premises upon which the evidences of Christianity were supposed to rest he saw just what every other hero has seen who has dared to take a peep behind the altar. Hence we have evolution instead of creation, we have a progressive development instead of a retrogressive perfectibility. If man never fell then Gods and Popes are useless appendages. If he is slowly rising from the lower forms of life out of which he sprang, then he needs education, enlightenment, and opportunity to grow.

All platitudes used by Churchmen are so many whips to keep the masses in ignorance. Cardinal Gibbons well says: "And to this day has been assigned to the primacy of St. Peter the duty to feed the lambs and to feed the sheep of the flock, a special commission to feed the sheep which hold to the lambs the same relation which the clergy hold to the people—the lambs of the Church." That is it exactly. The shibboleth has always been: "He that hath ears let him hear." The sheep, element has been sufficiently developed. It is time for the teachers to cry out: "He that hath brains let him think."

But the menacing attitude toward American institutions is the chief concern perceived in viewing this sermon of Cardinal Gibbons. To the question as to the supreme authority of the Pope and the claim that all nations have been converted by the missionaries of Rome being applied the United States, he answered that it did apply to this country. In speaking upon the unity of the denominations he said he was willing to make any sacrifice for such unity. "But let me say," said he, "there can be but one unity; and that in the recognition of the Sovereign Pontiff and his authority." So far as ecclesiastical affairs are concerned, it would be imprudent to take sides with either party on this point, but the "authority of the Sovereign Pontiff" extends farther than that. It embraces the political as well as the ecclesiastical domain. The cardinal in referring to the Pope's jubilee speaks of him as "a Pontiff whose eagle eyes scan the political and moral horizon." Exactly. And when we approach Roman policies we may consider them in the light of their secular meaning, and viewing these sentences of the American cardinal in that light their ulterior significance becomes apparent. If the Pope's power is all that the cardinal claims for it, and he only echoes the general sentiment of his Church and its teachings, then the principles upon which the free institutions of our country have been reared are in danger of subversion. The cardinal says: "As well might the names of the presidents be left out of a history of the United States as to leave out the names of the Popes from the history of the Church." The analogy does not follow. The presidents of the United States have represented the progressive ideas of the American people detached from any foreign alliance. The Popes of Rome have been throughout all its history simply tagged to a machine. The machine can not grow. If it could it would cease to be a machine, ergo Roman Catholicism would die out. When, at Catholic premise declares, the keys of heaven were given to St. Peter and he appointed the rock on which the Church of God was to be erected, that was the end of progress. This was the bed-plate of the machine. It has been grinding on that rock ever since.

The broad light and life of the Spiritualism rejected by Rome is slowly dispelling the clouds that enshroud the people and revealing the "Mother Church" as the harlot of the ages. There can be but one union in this country, and no denominational alliance can ever be formed that will recognize the Catholic Pontiff as the supreme authority.

BAPTIZED in the "name of the Lord" were thirty people on Sunday last in this city, by being soured in the icy water of the Ohio—the thermometer registering about thirty degrees at the time. Were Spiritualists or Free-thinkers to indulge in analogous torture of humanity they would quickly be prosecuted by the Humane Society for cruelty or placed in durance vile to undergo examination for lunacy. But any thing goes "in the name of Christ" now-a-days, however un-reasonable or unsympathetic.

"And the Ass Opened his Mouth and Brayed."

That assiduous mixture of bile, bones, and assafoetida, which, in the common parlance of the time, is called the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, has been easing itself again by an expectoration of its choice juices upon the character of Spiritualism and Spiritualists.

"I have never attended a seance," said Dr. Talmage, in response to a query by the *Globe-Democrat* representative, "nor," he continued, "have I ever seen anything result from Spiritualism on this earth but wreck and ruin. Spiritualism makes imbeciles of people and fools of the wisest men. It is a monstrous immorality. It destroys family relations, and is prolific of all kinds of abominations. The meanness of it is that it takes people in their weaker moments—when they are broken down with bereavements. It comes to people when they are frenzied by losses of family or friends. The Spiritualist comes to you in such moments and says: 'You needn't feel so badly about it, you can talk with the dear ones who have gone any day you so desire; they are with you as much as before.' This diverts the mind of the person, who is grieving, from real Christian consolation, and the moment he begins to look to Spiritualism for solace he is in a state of incipient dementia."

Of course it would be folly to notice vituperations of this kind were it not for the fact, that to use his own language, "a great many people come to him personally for counsel concerning the matter." He says his advice to them always is: "Go to your doctor; you need medicine."

It is a strange thing, indeed, that people who are endowed with common sense, and live amidst the splendors of this era, can so far ignore the fitness of things as to go to a man like Dr. Talmage for counsel on a matter requiring judgment and analysis.

It would seem that the mere publication of such rot and buncomb, as we quote from the interview had with him by the *Globe-Democrat* representative, was sufficient to brand the Rev. Dr. Talmage as a man whose utterances were unworthy the credence of fair minded men. He knows, if he knows anything, that his statements can not be borne out by facts. He knows that he is insulting many of his own parishioners, and libeling the character of millions of bright and intelligent people when he says he has "never seen anything result from Spiritualism on this earth but wreck and ruin." He knows that he is as much a lying spirit as ever deceived Ahab's prophets, when he tells the world that Spiritualism "is a monstrous immorality."

But the people who go to him for counsel concerning the matter may not know all this, and it is to them we send out a thought. Take up the subject of Spiritualism as you would any study involving economic, scientific, or religious reform. Get the works of such men as Profs. Hare, Mapes, Varley, Crookes, Wallace, Denton, Zollner, Du Prell, Buchanan, and Tuttle. Read, ponder, and reflect. Form circles in your own household and develop your own mediums, and give the emancipated ones a chance to make themselves known to you. Get the current spiritual literature. Read the leading magazines; they are full of Spiritualism. And even in the new fiction will be seen the thread of philosophy, phenomena, and fact, destined to free mankind from the blatant demagogery and senility of blatherskites like Talmage and his ilk.

That superstition is not confined to Romanism is plainly indicated by the species of survivals of the Talmage school. Spiritualism, like the sun, will shine when the nastiness of the elect no longer leaves a stench in the nostrils of men. It will be the World's Redeemer when the bones of orthodoxy's prophets feed the worms or wave in the tree tops. Superstition has given the world a Talmage just as nature has given the desert a upas tree; each has a use and performs an office, but we don't know what they are.

WILL AMERICAN CATHOLICS SUBMIT?

In a recent warrant from Isabella Leo XIII. to Torquemada Satolli, it reads:

Whatever sentences or penalties you shall declare or inflict duly against those who oppose your authority we will ratify, and with the authority given us by the Lord, will cause to be observed inviolably until condign satisfaction be made, notwithstanding constitutions, and apostolic ordinances, or any other to the contrary.

A nice document to lay before American citizens, whether they be Catholics or not. Those who accept it with any degree of reason are either veritable cowards or morally unworthy of American citizenship. Of course, the ignorant masses upon which the Roman Hierarchy feeds knows naught but to submit to those who have authority given them by the Lord (?), while those who protest are hypnotized into submission by their superiors in education. But would any self-respecting American official have the audacity to offer such an insulting proclamation to his people? Never! Consideration for the feelings of his brother citizen forbids. Nor would any self-respecting American citizen recognize such a document or warrant, except he was too weakened by a bad conscience to be able to resist or protest. But it is to be hoped that there are true American Catholics enough in the land to exhibit by some visible demonstration that they are Americans first and papists second, not *vice versa*, as these papal documents seem to imply.

While the Constitution accords to all equal rights in religious matters, it does not permit religion to interfere with State matters, and every true American ought to feel that in his soul. Those who do not are not yet born to the Constitution, and should not enjoy the State rights of this country. They should be treated as aliens strictly until inspired with the spirit of liberty to accept the flag and its trinity—free speech, free press, and free schools. Now, are there not American-born Catholics enough to show their grit by forming an American alliance for their own protection against the condemnation that the ignorant foreigners are subjected to, and prove thereby that they are not in sympathy with Mafia, Anarchists, office-seekers, and European carpet-baggers generally? We trust there are—except they, too, have sworn away their liberty, to uphold Rome before America. Now is the time to show their hand. Americanism is coming to the front, and those who do not follow in the wake now will be marked as cowards, and unworthy the respect and patronage of American citizens later on.

We will bring the warrant in full in next issue.

UNCATHOLIC CATHOLICISM.

The Roman religion is only catholic in so far that it takes in everything of material worth and gives out nothing. It is only catholic in spirit where it permits its votaries to enjoy themselves as they feel inclined, though the enjoyments are of a riotous order. It is only catholic in permitting all classes of people to join their Church, but very un-catholic when others demand the rights they claim to enjoy in the world. It is a wonder that any civilized government that has the power of ordination tolerates a religious sect that teaches politics only, or principles that run entirely counter to the current issuing from the centre of that government. It stands as a constant menace to the peace and welfare of every nation on the globe, except the power stored in the Vatican, and as such is an enemy to civilization. How it can dare to aspire for supremacy in this country only shows a foolhardy spirit born of ignorance and on a par with the Southern negro, who, when freed from slavery, believed he was also capable of ruling the intelligence of the land. Though

superior in numbers he was put down and relieved of that belief by the forcible conviction that emancipated minds could not and would not submit to ignorance and a superstition born out of an emancipation proclamation that they were the "wards of the nation" and entitled to rule. The average Roman Catholic believes himself a ward of the Ruler of Nations and thus entitled to govern all other peoples on the face of the globe. But he, too, must be taught that intelligence rules, and that he is only entitled to a place in the economy of governmental affairs according to his emancipation from ignorance and superstition. If he were truly catholic, he would be willing to share with the rest; but the religion he professes is a libel on Catholicism, and has made the Roman Church odious in the eyes of intelligent people and freedom-loving Americans. Is it a wonder that opposition is rife? And this opposition will increase in proportion to the un-catholic feeling existing in so-called Catholicism. In the end they will be the losers; and in not being satisfied with half a loaf, they won't have any. There are five Protestants to one Catholic in this country, and in America majorities rule always.

A UNIQUE MATHEMATICAL MEMORY.

The student of anthropology has a perplexing problem in Jacques Inaudi, a young man who is astonishing savants by his wonderful facility at mathematical calculations. He is the son of Piedmontese peasants, and has passed his youth in the care of sheep. His memory for anything but numbers is defective, and for numbers he is disturbed when they are written. He must hear them pronounced to remember them. The *New York Medical Journal*, speaking of his wonderful memory and calculating powers, says:

"Nearly all the proposed problems have many figures to add, multiply, or divide and to compare, and yet the time taken to announce the answer is extremely short. In a few seconds he adds the numbers requiring ten numerals for their notation, and subtracts those requiring twenty; he rapidly finds the square or cube root of large numbers; if fractional parts of multiples are in question, the interval between question and answer is longer; he finds in a few seconds the sixth and seventh roots of true powers. He appears to do the mental part of ordinary examples in multiplication and division in less time than is required to enunciate their answers. He has been known to carry in memory a number expressed by twenty-two numerals for a week, although he had not been warned that he would be requested to repeat it. He can repeat a number forward or backward or give any section of it, as, for example, in millions or billions. At the end of a seance he can recite all the figures that have been mentioned up to the number of four hundred.

"The head of Inaudi is large, and his features are regular and surmounted by a forehead full and high as it is broad. At the Saltpetriere a close anthropometric examination was made, under Professor Charcot, that revealed some few unimportant signs of degeneration. Inaudi converses agreeably and is skillful at cards and billiards. His character is marked by modesty and amiability, and intelligence is that of an untrained but receptive person. It is quite a mistake to set him down as a mere calculating machine. All inquiry as to hereditary influences has resulted in a negative response.

THE United States is once more asserting her supremacy in the carrying trade of the world. On Washington's birthday the President hoisted the American flag over the steamship New York, and she is now in the American Registry. When the Inman line was admitted to American Registry Congress stipulated that two new ships should be built for it in our shipyards, but five have already been contracted for by the Cramps. Four of these will be 511 feet long, 63 feet beam, and 42 feet deep. Gross register, 10,665 tons; displacement at 26 feet of water, 14,538 tons; speed, 20 knots. The fifth ship will be 550 feet long. These moves indicate American progress and answer the demands made for years that our flag should have a place in the commercial traffic of the high seas.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has been petitioned to intercede in behalf of Rev. J. H. Nelson, who is imprisoned in Brazil for publishing an article on the worship of Mary. Now, this is what all writers and publishers may expect in this country if they do not awaken to the needs of the hour, and allow Romanism to get control. This is the only spot left on earth where civilization is free to express itself as truth dictates. Let us preserve it, and not sell its birthright for a mere mess of Roman pottage, or business patronage as many are ready and willing to do. Stand by your rights as freemen and take the reins in hand before it is too late.

THE Ohio Senate has adopted House joint resolution by Mr. Dodge authorizing the Governor to appoint a commission of four citizens, two of each political party, to investigate the subject of good roads, as suggested in the message of the Governor last January. The commission is to report on the present construction and cost of roads where steam, electricity, or horse-power is used, and the advisability of constructing county roads for cars and wagons propelled by horse, steam, or electric power. The commission is to be empowered to examine the present road laws of the State and recommend such measures of reform as they may deem best.

SINCE the attack on ex-Priest Rudolph at Lafayette, Ind., two thousand members have been added to the A. P. A. councils in that city.

QUEER PHENOMENA.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

Having for forty years been a Spiritualist, and now take your paper, I send you an extract from our paper, the *Tribune*. The account I know to be strictly true, as it occurred near here about January 7th. I have seen many phases of spiritual communications, but never saw anything just like it.

Hastings, Neb.

"They tell some strange stories in regard to C. G. Wilson's mental hallucinations. It seems he was first apprised of his coming malady by a peculiar feeling about his left lung. From that part of his body he heard voices. A doctor, whom he had known in the east, and who has been dead for some time, would talk with him, apparently from the region of the lung. The first time he heard the voices was some weeks ago, when he was out at the field at work. He would sometimes deny the doctor conversation, pleading want of time. It is said the doctor told him strange things of a supernatural nature. It is also said that others could talk to their deceased friends, and the voices would come from Mr. W.'s breast, while his lips never moved. It is indeed a strange affair if all we hear is true, and the stories are related by truthful men and women. One instance may be given without giving names. A gentleman slipped into the room without any one knowing it. A lady present was having a communication with her dead mother. She asked her mother where this gentleman was, she not knowing herself. The reply came, 'Why, he is in the room, by the curtains.' Imagine her surprise to find him there. There is much talk and some excitement about Blue Hill and Ayr over the strange manifestations in the case."

A stimulant is often needed to nourish and strengthen the roots and keep the hair a natural color. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the hair.

Judd's Electric Belt
 satisfied. Also, Electric Trusses and Bicycles, can be regulated to suit, and a Belt and Battery combined, and pro-shock. Free Medical advice. Write to-day, and full particulars.
 Address **DR. JUDD, Detroit, Mich.**

THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

Conducted by EMMA BOND TUTTLE.

SHE WHO IS TO COME.

A woman—in so far as she beholds
Her own beloved a face.
A mother—with a great heart that enfolds
The children of the race.
A body, free and strong, with that high beauty
That comes of perfect use, is built thereof,
And mind where reason rules over duty,
And justice reigns with love.
A self, poised, royal, brave, wise, and tender,
No longer blind and dumb.
A human being of yet unknown splendor,
Is she who is to come.

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

We cordially invite contributions suitable for this department, and assure you they will receive prompt attention. Do not wait till you have something great to say, whatever is of daily interest and moment to you, will be to the members of our Club. Consider yourself one, expected to do your part in entertaining the others. Please write on one side of the paper, and address all matter for publication to Emma Bond Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Meet Us, Angels, at the Gate.

(Song set to music in the new "Lyceum Guide," now in press.)

Meet us, angels, at the gate
With welcome, sweet and warm;
Be it early, be it late,
We shall come through dark and storm.
Weary from our dying pillows,
Faint from surging on death's billows,
Strewed with cypress leaves and willows,
Fluctuating on the cherished form.
Meet us, angels, at the gate
With a welcome, sweet and warm;
Be it early, be it late,
We shall come through dark and storm.

Meet us where low, holy hymns
Float like balm upon the air;
Where no sullen blaming dims
Those who come sin-tarnished there.
Hail us at that precious meeting
With some old, familiar greeting,
Which will set our faint hearts beating
To love's olden, olden prayer.
Meet us where low, holy hymns
Float like balm upon the air;
Where no sullen blaming dims
Those who come sin-tarnished there.

Meet us with extended hands,
As you used to here below;
Tell us, when we reach those lands,
"Friends," come home, we love you so.
Then we all can love each other—
Parents, husband, sister, brother—
Knowing fully one another,
Warm as sunlight, pure as snow.
Meet us with extended hands,
As you used to here below;
Tell us, when we reach those lands,
"Friends," come home, we love you so.

—E. R. T.

GONE HOME.

On the evening of February 18th our mother, Mrs. Moriah L. Tuttle, took leave of her earthly friends to join a large majority of angel kindred. She was past ninety-two years of age, and until two months ago retained remarkable health and activity of mind. On the 21st ult. we laid her body to rest by the side of her aged companion, whose transition occurred five years ago from our home, and whose loss she deeply felt. They lived together over sixty years and were entirely satisfied with each others companionship. It used, sometimes, to be highly amusing to us younger ones to note the entire confidence that "Nathan" reposed in "Moriah's" judgment. If she gave her opinion on any subject it was good enough in his eyes, and he wanted the children to accept it as fully as did he. In common parlance he was perfectly willing to have her "wear the breeches," even a little better ones than he did, and she always held that a woman should have equal rights with her husband, although she vehemently denied "wearing the pants" when her boys jokingly charged her with it. "Wear the pants!" she would say, "I never got the toe of one shoe in yet! I do take care of the money, so as not to bother father with it, but I'd rather not."

She was very quick and efficient in all business matters. She never tired of doing for the comfort of her family, or for the sick and needy within her reach. She had a high local reputation as doctor, nurse, and midwife, which made great demands on her time and strength when the country was new and she in her prime. The busy earth life is ended. As I note the silence which is unbroken in her room, where she was wont to bustle around, even in her extreme age, for she never liked stagnation, a feeling of sadness hushes speech, but memory goes back to the time when I first made her acquaintance as the wife of her youngest son, Hudson.

What a generous welcome she gave me; what a wealth of patience she had for my inexperience and blunders in house-keeping. She taught me, but never found fault with me. She helped me through many a tangle in the years of my callowness and did it willingly and hopefully. When my relatives came from a distant part of Ohio to visit me she always had a surplus of good cooking she could help "Emma" out with, and was on hand to do her share of visiting, too, I assure you. She was ever ready, too, to help me in caring for my young children. She always knew what to do if they were ill, and she was ever willing to assume the charge of them to give me a necessary outing of a day, or even two. My own mother was in the immortal life before I knew her, and I can truly say she did as much for me as she could have done if she had lived. It was my privilege to return her patience, kindness, and willingness to do, during the years of her extreme age, and to dress, for the last silent reception of her friends and neighbors, the aged form which we left under the brown blanket of earth. She was a devoted mother in the good old-fashioned way—to love and do. She enjoyed life, even the friction of living, and passed on with the expectation of a happy meeting with friends and immortal existence. Through our remaining years we shall keep her memory green and expect her angel guidance.

Attended for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

HAPPY AND UNHAPPY WOMEN.

MARY LOUISA.

It is a truth, one which I have gleaned from observation as well as from experience, that the most unhappy women in this world are not those who have suffered most. One needs only to count over the women one knows to see that they who are most dissatisfied, farthest from happy, are the ones who have had the greatest share of earth's blessings showered upon them—beauty, ease, wealth, and all the luxuries that wealth can purchase; and yet, having these, have missed the one indescribable requisite, a capability of enjoyment.

Read the faces of the women you meet in your every-day walk; how small, how infinitesimally small is the number of happy ones. It is true, the sources of sorrow, real sorrow, are infinite; but our heavenly Father never intended any sorrow to be endless, and though it may not be apparent at first, time shows the "remedial force" that underlies all sorrow. Then, too, physical pain has left its trace upon many and many a fair face. Of these I do not intend to speak, but of those who have so many of the blessings of life, which they fail to recognize as such; the women of morbid dispositions and fretful nature, they whom Solomon likened to "a continual dropping on a very rainy day."

We all know them, and no matter when or where we meet

them they have always "a tale of woe" to unfold of how every body and everything in the universe from the clerk of the weather to their own domestics are leagued together to make life a burden to them.

You listen to them, and you do pity them because they are so blind to their own good. Possibly you suggest that the fault lies very near self, that within themselves is the power to change these conditions of inharmonious. They will reply that you do not understand, how could you since you have had some of these trials, assuming, of course, that you have been especially favored by Providence and have known only happiness.

Oh! that these women could understand the influence of a cheerful spirit, a bright face, that we all create our own feelings of pleasure and pain, that conditions of love or discord existing in our hearts, throw a shadow upon our friends and influence them accordingly. It is an insult to the unseen Good to be continually finding fault with our lives, and crediting our unhappiness to him.

Life here and hereafter means a constant change. There is not one of us who is or can be the same for any length of time. Our thought of to-day shapes that of to-morrow, and every day we should strive to improve in some way.

Not too early in life can it be impressed on the minds of young girls that principle, not position nor circumstance, forms the true basis of happiness.

Our girls are taught too much of the material things of life, while that which tends to the development of character is overlooked. If we would have them grow to be strong, healthy, happy women, we must give them something more than physical training, a college education, or a course in the school of domestic science. We must teach them that life is a school and every circumstance in this life is a lesson for the development of character, soul.

We must teach them what love is; that love of which Jesus spoke; that love which is the divine principle of the universe. The love which swings the planets in their place and binds the atoms together; the love which is not attained by the material sense nor gained by seeming to be that which they are not.

Say to them: "Be such a woman, live such a life, that if every woman were such as you and every life a life like yours, this earth would be God's paradise."

You can tell the happy woman whenever you meet her; she crosses your path or comes into the room where you are, and it is as if a ray of sunshine had brightened a dull, cloudy sky.

She may not be pretty, indeed she is more likely to be a plain, homely little creature, who has never given much thought to self. She may not be talented, neither is she lively, lively people are rarely ever happy or able to diffuse happiness, but she is so comfortable she makes you comfortable also. She has known sorrow and become acquainted with grief; but she has cultivated a habit of seeing the bright side of things. She neither denies that she has sorrow nor does she try to hide it, she simply bears it naturally, while her heart holds a tender compassion for all who may have to endure the same. She is good, not in a negative way, holding herself aloof from the weak and erring ones, but she is good for something, and does good to all whom she can reach. She may not be a Christian in the orthodox sense, but none can deny she is a follower of the lowly Christ.

She never indulges in useless repining, nor anticipates trouble or sorrow, for ingrafted into every thought and deed of her life is the knowledge that she is "ever in the presence of an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed;" knowing this the sorrows of life are to her simply conditions necessary to the development of a perfected soul, and whether she calls this energy, God, or spirit, or principle it matters not. The ruling principle of her life, the spirit which pervades her being is love, the love that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." The love of God, for God is love, God is spirit.

A Working Day.

Life is but a working day,
Whose tasks are set aright;
A time to work, a time to pray,
And then a quiet night.
And then, please God, a quiet night,
Whose palms are green, whose robes are white;
A long-drawn breath, a balm for sorrow,
And all things lovely on the morrow.

—Christina Rossetti.

WOMEN'S CLUB CORRESPONDENCE.

SHE IS NOT OWNED.

As Myra F. Payne puts it a wife does not own the clothes she wears by the laws of this country. Now I have read this statement over and over again in women's rights papers, and I want to know if it is true! Will some one tell me where I can find the law? Is it an old saw coming down nobody knows from whence, or is it active in the law books? *De facto*, to use a legal phrase, is it true. When was there seen a case of a wife being compelled to surrender the "clothes she wears," and walking out of a court-room *a la Eve*? I believe there is as many women who not only own the clothes their husbands wear, but their husbands also, as men who own their wives. I know I am old, fogyish, and out of date, but "such is the fact."

If a wife don't want to be "owned" she must not encourage her husband in ownership, and a little judicious discouragement will settle that matter for all time. I always strive for peace and harmony in my domestic affairs, and I find that a little live thunder now and then is wonderfully preservative of keeping "all tranquil on the Potomac."

MOLLIE PENDLETON.

JANE D. CHURCHILL TO THE RESCUE.

In the Women's Club of LIGHT OF TRUTH of January 28th, our good sister, Mrs. Myra F. Paine, has a few words to say on women's dress. Among other things she tells us that a married woman does not own the clothes she wears, that they belong to her husband. If this is so, is it not time that women cast about them for some plan whereby they may become possessors, in their own right, of their wearing apparel? It seems to me that no amount of revolt can alter the situation as long as man continues to be the monied partner in the matrimonial concern. The only way out of this undesirable condition that I can see is for the women to become Nationalists, and put the force they are now wasting in useless and unprofitable discussion of their grievances and in their unkind flings at the men in solid work for Nationalism for therein lies their only salvation.

Our husbands can not help it, poor things, if we do "promenade every day" in their clothes. The way society is at present constructed we must wear their clothes (in the sense our sister means), if we wear any, and so our best efforts should be directed toward reconstructing society on a plan that shall make women for once financially independent of men. Nationalism is woman's friend and deliverer, and the sooner the women find it out and go to work for it, the sooner their emancipation will come.

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

Mr. Hecker says: "Catholicism rules New York, and the question is not now, 'Will the Catholics rule America?' but 'How soon?'"

MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS.

Oren Stevens the boy medium, may be addressed at 53 Fremont Street, Dayton, O.

G. W. Kates and wife will lecture in Pittsburgh, Pa., during March. Address 375 Wylie Ave.

U. C. Higley will accept lecture engagements. Terms given on application. Address at De-Buance, Ohio.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stranger, lecturer and test medium, may be addressed at 171 Pine Street, Muskegon, Mich.

Will C. Hodge would be pleased to make lecture engagements. Address 315 West Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

J. W. Dennis 10 Thirteenth Street, Buffalo, N. Y., will accept calls for lectures, will also attend funerals in the vicinity of Buffalo.

F. Gordon White, trance, test, and platform medium, may be addressed for engagements. Permanent location, 26 Bishop's Court, Flat C, Chicago.

Mrs. Celia Loucks is open for engagements to lecture and give psychometric readings and clairvoyant delineations. Address 123 W. Hardin Street, Findlay, O.

Edgar W. Emerson may be addressed from March 1st to 14th at 45 West Bay Street, Jacksonville, Fla. March 14th and 20th he will be in New Bedford, Mass.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., will lecture during the month of March in Philadelphia. Only a few open dates for the season. Address, 5 Houghton Street, Worcester, Mass.

Lyman C. Howe, one of our veteran and well-known speakers, is at his home in Fredonia, N. Y. We commend him to societies desiring first-class talent. Address as above.

Mrs. O. E. Daniels, trance and inspirational lecturer, can be addressed for fall and winter engagements; will also speak at funerals. Address, 454 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Until further notice Dr. C. T. H. Benton can be addressed for lectures, etc., at 771 Sixty-third Street, Englewood, P. O., Chicago, Ill., instead of 400 Buckner Ave., Peoria, Ill. Will also attend funerals.

Mrs. A. E. Kibby, trance speaker and platform test medium, will answer calls for above named purposes in neighboring towns and cities. Address 130 Locust Street, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. A. H. Luther may be addressed during February and March at Cincinnati, O., April at Pittsburgh, Pa., May at Washington, D. C., June, Western New York, July and August, camp-meetings, September and October are open dates. November and December of 1899 are engaged.

W. J. Colville is now in Chicago busily engaged lecturing and holding classes in various parts of the city. On Sundays during March he is filling Mrs. Richmond's place at Washington Hall, Washington Boulevard and Ogden Avenue, during her engagement in Boston. W. J. Colville's address is 477 West Randolph Street.

Mrs. Mattie E. Hull has calls from points in Arkansas for March; she expects to join Mr. Hull in Washington, D. C., in April. She has a few open dates in March. Parties desiring her services near the main line from Ft. Worth to Memphis should address her at once. Permanent address 29 Chicago Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

The well-known trance and business medium, Mrs. Maggie Stewart, will give readings by letter from lock of hair, full name, and age required. Price \$1.00 and two stamps. Also desires engagements with societies for the months of February, March, and April as platform test medium. Address 264 East Main Street, Piqua, Ohio.

Willard J. Hull's engagements now extend to the end of March, 1899. His immediate appointments are as follows: March and first Sunday of April at Norwich, Conn.; remaining Sundays of April at Cincinnati, May at Cleveland, June at Cincinnati. Address mail 54 East Broad Street, care Dr. W. W. Clapp, Norwich, Conn.

Oscar A. Edgerly, medium and lecturer, is engaged for the immediate future as follows: March with the Progressive Church of Buffalo; April with the Religio-Philosophical Society of Baltimore, Md.; May with the First Spiritual Church of Pittsburgh, Pa. Would like to make an engagement for June. Home address, 43 Market Street, Newburyport, Mass.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

People with hair that is continually falling out, or those that are bald, can stop this, and get a good growth of hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Good Night.

Do you keep Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure in the house? If not, lose no time in purchasing it, for it saves hours of suffering and anxiety, and may save life. It is a remarkable cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis, diphtheria, sore throat, whooping cough, and croup in chest. 50 cents. A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y., Manufacturer.

This to you who are sick:

Send name, age, lock of hair, and five cents in silver for a clairvoyant diagnosis of your physical condition, also in giving character delineation and other valuable information. Address DR. N. H. PIERCE, 9 N. Main St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

SOUL-READING.

Psychometric Delineation. Mrs. A. B. Severance, the well-known psychometrist, has always been noted for her wonderful powers in diagnosing and prescribing for diseases, also in giving character readings as well as past and future events, adaptation of those intending marriage, adaptation to business and business affairs. But of late she has had a renewed development, which enables her to give greater tests in those directions than ever before. Send hair or handwriting. Full delineation \$2.00 and 4 cents stamps. Brief delineation \$1.00 and 4 cents stamps. Address MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE, 1300 Main Street, White Water, Wis.

Free of Charge.

Any one sending a lock of hair or letter with an address envelope will receive by return mail what the spirit world has to say for them free of charge. Address, W. F. BALL, Mantua Station, Ohio.

Female Weakness Positive Cure.

To The Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the female weakness, which arises from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any lady who will send me a lock of hair or a photograph. Respectfully, DR. J. E. BARNHILL, 240 Avenue C, Utica, N. Y.

A. WILLIS.

Materializing Medium,

264 E. Third St., Cincinnati. Will hold circles Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons at 2 o'clock. I receive evening Monday and Saturday excepted at 8 o'clock. Take Fifth street cars running east to Third and Lock.

No one admitted without recommendation or introduction from some well-known Spiritualist.

Harry W. Archer,

2 Harper Place, Gilbert Ave., CINCINNATI.

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For Half-Form Materialization, Trumpet and Physical Manifestations.

Sessions for Trumpet and Independent Voices Tuesday and Thursday at 2 p. m., and Tuesdays and Fridays at 8 p. m.

Materialization sittings private and by special engagement only. Private Trumpet sittings daily.

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Will give sittings for information and tests every day, Tuesdays and Saturdays excepted.

Mrs. J. H. Stowell,

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Sittings daily for information and tests from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.

D. S. Johnson,

MATERIALIZING and TRUMPET MEDIUM,

25 W. Eighth St., Cincinnati, O. Circles daily at 2 and 8 o'clock p. m., Saturdays excepted. No one admitted without recommendation or introduction from some well-known Spiritualist.

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Independent Slate-Writing Medium,

525 McMillan Ave., Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

Will give sittings daily, Wednesdays excepted.

MRS. PLYMOUTH B. WEEKS,

PSYCHOMETRIST, 8 Hathaway St., CINCINNATI, O.

Mrs. Josephine Ropp,

Trumpet Medium, 534 Powers St., Cumminsville, CINCINNATI.

Will hold circles on Mondays and Wednesdays at two and eight o'clock p. m., and Saturdays at eight o'clock at 25 Central Ave.

Mrs. Hannah Clayton,

Deputy N. D. C. Developing Medium, Will attend private classes at their own homes in and around Cincinnati. For terms address, Box 106, Carthage, Ohio.

MRS. M. KEMP,

Materializing Medium, Sittings Tuesdays and Fridays at 8 p. m. Private sittings by appointment. Open for engagements by application.

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Contains vitalizing principles, is soothing and beneficial, aids in the development of mediumship. Price \$1.00 per box. Address, DR. N. H. EDDY, Gen'l Delivery, P. O. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FOR YOU

Send four cents postage, a lock of your hair, name, age, sex, and address, and receive a clairvoyant diagnosis of your disease free.

DR. M. E. HILL,

Mechanicsville, Iowa.

Psycho-Magnetograph

This instrument is an unexcelled means for obtaining communications from departed friends and developing mediumship, the message being made legible, can readily be understood by any person who can read, and is so arranged that it will permit of one from one to several persons using it at the same time, thus rendering a mutual assistance in development. When not in use it closes up like a book. Size 9 by 12 inches. Price, paper covers, cloth back and corners, \$1.25. Sent postpaid with full directions for use on receipt of above prices. Liberal discounts to responsible agents. Address THE PSYCHO-MAGNETOGRAPH CO., (Cincinnati, O.)

Better than Gold.

Have you the Catarrh, Weak Eyes, Impure Blood or Inflamed Catarrh Remedies? Magnetized Compound for the Eyes, 60 cents. Prescription for the Blood, 50 cents. There is no better blood and liver remedy. Write for illustrated catalogue and how to be ordered at the same time will send postpaid for \$1.00. B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa.

You Can Have Good Eye-Sight.

Melted Pebble Spectacles restore lost vision. Write for illustrated catalogue and how to be fitted by my new clairvoyant method. Spectacles sent by mail.

B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa.

Dear Bro. Poole—The glasses came O. K. and you, Mrs. Howe is much pleased with hers, and her eyes seem to be improving since she commenced using them. Mine, too, are all I could wish the best of any I have ever used, and I have had several pairs before them, that did me very good service. They give an easy, restful feeling to the eye, and are so clear that one almost forgets that they are not the eyes of the natural eye. My eyes grow younger by their use. Fredonia, N. Y. LYMAN C. HOWE.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

Send two 2-cent stamps, your name and age, and a lock of your hair, and I will send you a clairvoyant diagnosis of your disease free. Address, J. O. BATDORF, M. D.

President of the Magnetic Institute, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

A LIBERAL OFFER

By a Reliable Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer

Send four 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, age and sex. Will diagnose your case free. Address DR. J. S. LOCKS, Shirley, Mass.

MR. & MRS. F. N. FOSTER,

Spirit Photographers

Box 133, ANDERSON, IND.

We are prepared to take spirit photos of a lock of hair or photograph.

Letters of inquiry, enclosing stamp, promptly answered. Address, MRS. F. N. FOSTER, Box 133, ANDERSON, IND.

Spiritual Advance.

A quarterly spiritual journal, devoted to camp news and matters pertaining to science, philosophy and religion of spiritualism.

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Pomeroy's Advance Thought, A 32 page monthly, devoted to the advance of all progressive reform—sent in connection with the LIGHT OF TRUTH for \$1.50.

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Euchalyne.

A tonic for the nerves, an antidote for malaria, and a preventative of Cholera. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Address this office.

Dear Friends—Some years since I was told that I would succeed with medicines, but my inclinations did not run that way, but spirit forces sent me into it. I have prepared the above with their help. Paternally, LOIS WAINWRIGHT.

DR. J. C. POWER,

Clairvoyant and Chronic Disease Specialist.

Chronic diseases particularly solicited. Long standing chronic troubles, considered incurable, but by the general practitioner, readily yield to my treatment.

BECKMONT, IA., Oct. 28, 1899. On July 20, 1896, I was taken with a severe attack of Diphtheria, and for three weeks neither could I eat nor drink. At the end of that time the diphtheria came off my throat, leaving me nearly exhausted and so weak that I could not move without assistance. After remaining in this state for several days, I became wholly paralyzed, and for three months I was devoid of feeling of taste, nor could I move a muscle; and at the end of three

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, Continued.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

—The Ladies Aid are making grand preparations for the anniversary.

—Carrie C. Van Duse will attend to calls from spiritual societies for the Spring months. Address Geneva, O.

—Mrs. Colby Luther will lecture on Romanism at G. A. R. Hall on Wednesday evening, March 15th, and Sunday the 19th. Admission 15 cents.

—Judge H. N. Maguire, former editor of *World's Advance Thought*, has accepted a position as editor of the *People's Advocate*, a liberal paper of Colfax, Wash.

—Owing to the discontinuance of the Gould independent lecture course in Cleveland, Mr. Willard J. Hull has the month of May on his hands and is open for engagement for that month. Address 41 East Broad Street, Norwalk, Conn.

—Luman C. Howe speaks at Williamsport, Pa., the Sunday of March. Will be at anniversary exercises on the 1st at Lockport, N. Y. Address until 26th at 404 High Street, Williamsport, Pa., and from March 26th to April 21 at Lockport, N. Y.

—C. J. Barnes, whose destiny was St. Paul, Minn., after he left this city last week stopped at Anderson, Ind. But there the spiritual temple friends held on to him and implored him to remain the month of April. So his address will be 70 South Noble Street, in care of John Sutton, until further notice.

—The Union Society will hold a trumpet circle on Wednesday evening, March 22d. Tickets 25 cents; to be had from the committee, as no tickets will be sold at the door. The Ladies Aid of the Union Society will give a supper and social on Wednesday, April 5th, in commemoration of the 45th anniversary. Admission 25 cents.

—Mrs. Lillie Underhill, daughter of Mrs. Leah Fox Underhill, we are informed, is offering crayons of her mother and Margaret Fox for fifty dollars each. They are taken from a portrait in possession of the first named—the only one existing—and are 12x14 inches in size. An oak frame goes with the crayon. Address Lillie Underhill, 8 West 110th Street, New York.

—Mr. H. A. Archer, of this city, is at present in Columbus, O., where he seems to be more at home than any other place outside of Cincinnati. Judge by the attachment our Columbus folks have for him. But he will be here in time to take part in the celebration at the Union Society—about the 1st of April. On his way hither he will stop out at Springfield, Xenia, and Dayton, however, and pay those folks a visit. In the meantime we wish him good health.

—We have a large number of obituaries on hand, which we will publish as space permits. Were writers of these to keep within the limit (twenty lines) they could be published promptly, and would not accumulate with us. But the general non-observance of this rule has proved unproductive and disappointing to obituary writers and their friends, and certainly not to our delight, for it only aggravates us to be compelled, by no fault of ours, to appear so unaccommodating. If those having obituaries awaiting publication would permit us to curtail them to the required limit we might be able to dispose of them in a short time. But as it is there is no telling when they can be used. Those lengthy ones that appear occasionally outside of this rule are paid for as advertisements at inch rates.

—The Ladies Aid Society met Wednesday last, at G. A. R. Hall at 2:30 p. m. The unusual number present made it a necessity to remove from the anteroom to the main hall. The service was opened by Mrs. Murray giving psychometric readings; also tests by the little Indian guide. Mrs. Bartholomew, Mrs. P. Weeks, Mrs. Wolf, controlled by Maria, Maria, and Monteka, gave messages to many. Mrs. Allen's clairvoyant power is excellent. She gave the undersigned a clairvoyant and clairaudient test of spirit power; not fully realized at the time, but thoroughly understood when thought over in the quiet of home, as often happens with especially good revelations. We thank Mrs. Chapman for her organ music, and also the young lady who added so much to the harmony of the scene by her performance upon the guitar. Hope she will be with us again, and bring the guitar. C. A. R.

—Mrs. A. L. Pennel was the center of attraction at the test service given by the Union Society on Wednesday evening, the 1st inst., she being the only medium on the rostrum, with Mr. Connelly acting as chairman. Mrs. Pennel opened with a neat little introductory, and then proceeded to give tests. While some fifteen persons in the audience were the recipients of her spiritual offerings, some thirty-five spirit names were given, a number of the auditors receiving from three to five tests in this respect. Mrs. Pennel's tests are very unique, being symbolical, prophetic, sentimental, flowery, and often of a nature that requires more than ordinary study to unravel their meaning. But her control, "Prairie Flower," (who, by the way, wanted her name changed to "Fly Away," on account of the many controls by the first name), always aids the recipient by a few leading hints to see the point aimed for. The only fault about the service was the small audience; for the tests were good and interesting, and should have been enjoyed by a full house. But, better luck next time.

—The Sunday afternoon Lyceum of the Union Society at G. A. R. Hall, 115 West Sixth Street, has not only, to judge by the enthusiasm and interest manifested by both teachers and students, become a fixed institution, but a popular resort for perambulating Spiritualists to spend a pleasant hour when happening to be in that neighborhood. The average regular attendance consists of over one hundred adults and children, divided in a number of classes presided over respectively by mediums who give instruction, tests, and psychometric readings as the spirits dictate, closing with the usual lyceum exercises—banner march, singing, recitations by the junior scholars, etc. It affords an interesting spectacle to the observer and strikes one that the right chord has been touched to make it a success. The mediums and others who are sacrificing themselves to build up this institution deserve the good will of the spiritualistic community and should be encouraged by a show of appreciation—if but to give the lyceum a call while in session, enjoy the benign influence reigning there, drop a nickel in the lyceum treasury, and go away feeling better for having been in company of angels, though unseen to mortal eye. Nurse the lyceum when you can. It will repay you in the end by heavenly fruitage.

—Ex-priest Slattery continued to address large and intelligent audiences in this city last week on subjects pertaining to Romanism—its designs on this nation; its jesuitical planning to overthrow our free institutions; its disloyalty to the American flag; its sympathy with everything that is opposed to republicanism, liberty of speech, etc. Sunday afternoon he took a special subject, which every loyal American should have impressed on his heart as a warning for future contingency. His theme was Lincoln's assassination, exposing it as a Roman plot to aid the States in rebellion, or at least hoping thereby to encourage the latter to continue, in order to destroy this government sufficiently to enable Rome to get a foothold, and finally the control. Failing in this it has been plotting in other ways—the most notable and latest is the secret arming and drilling of church-members in cathedral basements for the purpose of making a *coup d'état* on this government as a final resort. And though it can not be a lasting success, it will cause trouble and bloodshed; and as a preventative he enjoined all Protestants—those who protest against papal usurpation—to become members of the A. P. A., an American institution, born of American principles, and founded for the purpose of preserving American rights. He said he would take the names and addresses of those who wished to join; hand them to the proper parties, and when found worthy the applicants would be notified where to call for initiation. Over a thousand persons were present on this occasion, and, composed of the best citizens, who are awakening to the dangers surrounding them.

—The Ethical Spiritualists inaugurated their three o'clock afternoon services last Sunday. Being the first service at that hour the attendance was not large, but the results were excellent. Mrs. Ricker is regaining her health, and with it the power to again take her place on the rostrum. Her answers to questions from the audience were concise, clear, and to the point and met the approbation of all. Her tests were perfect, and we are glad to see her once more able to take up the work she is so well fitted for, and predict for her a grand future. Mrs. Pennel gave some exceptionally good tests and is a grand medium, and we bespeak for her a generous share of patronage in the way of private seances. These meetings will be held each Sunday at three o'clock and all mediums are invited to attend and give their aid. Admission free. At the evening services Rev. E. A. Conil, Pastor of Unity Church, lectured from the subject, "Unconscious Blunders." It was a grand lecture and can not be given justice in this report. It satisfied the audience perfectly, and we venture to say that not one who heard him but will go to hear him when next he stands on this rostrum. The exercises were nothing closed by Mrs. Sagmaster and Ropp giving tests. Nothing can be

said of these two mediums more than has often been said before, only that they were up to their usual standard. On next Sunday evening Mrs. A. E. Kirby lectures and gives tests, followed by Mrs. Sagmaster, Ropp, and Pennell. One feature of these services is the beautiful music and songs given by the Chapman family. The three voices blend so sweetly, and so melodiously that it is well worth spending an evening to hear them, while some are rendered by Mr. Arthur Chapman, not to be surpassed by any amateur.

Last Sunday evening G. A. R. Hall was crowded with attentive listeners, who had come to hear Mrs. A. H. Luther lecture on "The Aggression of the Roman Catholic Church in this country." The speaker began by saying that we are accustomed here to treat of a most important question—the aggression of the Roman power in the United States—and it is our intention to handle the subject in all candor and fairness—to use reason as the weapon of defense in the course of our argument. She also admonished all others interested in the subject to curb their enthusiasm and not allow it to run away with their judgment, reason being the most necessary thing always for a people who are arranging themselves against a hostile host. She then reviewed the past of the Roman Church and said there was a time when there was no so-called Roman Catholic Church, but simply a Catholic Church—that it existed several hundred years before the word Roman was attached to it. But Constantine who aspired for more power than was his birthright, changed all this by aid of his father's vast army of soldiers, subduing by bloodshed everything that stood in his way, and then calling the celebrated Nicene council, who did his bidding, as it is known in history. Having thus laid the plan for a religious government, he began to persecute and persecute, and by a bloody baptism inaugurated the present Roman hierarchy. Having been born in blood, its history remained a bloody one throughout. In connection with this it laid its destroying hand on all institutions of learning to keep the world in darkness, and this principle, too, has followed it to its present existence—as proved by its opposition to our public schools to-day. She also reviewed the Inquisition period very graphically, and showed by historical facts as handed down by the Church itself, that she was not trumping up charges against the Church that had no legal bearing in her argument. The facts relating to Galileo and Bruno were brought in as further evidence against the institution on the whole, interwoven with incidents as they are familiar to the reading world, and as they have been especially reported in all the liberal newspapers of late. She also referred to the alarm the Catholic world is in at present on account of the truths coming to light concerning their doings and intentions, and that this uneasiness was a proof of their guilt. But, however, exercised they would become, it would not cause them to deviate from their plans. Thus it was necessary for Americans to organize to protect what liberty they have gained, and the time is at hand for decided action. While she recommended a bold front, she admonished to avoid bloodshed, because the agony left for the surviving ones was too horrible to contemplate. Let the principal weapons of defense therefore be the arms of liberty and the power of reason. Let those who can not subscribe to the United States Constitution leave the country and take their religion with them. This republic is the glory of the crowning age of the past, and must remain so. And let those who have come here to live with us become one of us in principle and deed. This will insure us success and lasting peace. She also invited those who wish to join the A. P. A. to give her their names and addresses, and she would place them where their true inwardness would be examined into, and when found worthy would be notified of their election. As president of a lodge of the W. A. P. A. she also invited the patriotic ladies of the city to do likewise, and she would found a branch society here for work suited to their sphere. Mrs. Luther concluded her address with a beautiful peroration on American liberty.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sunday, February 27th, closed the two months' engagement of Mr. Willard J. Hull at the hall of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia. Mr. Hull has been with us before, and made many warm friends, who still continue to be his ardent admirers. It was with sad feelings we bade adieu for a season, yet while sorrowing, we still rejoice in the knowledge that we shall meet again, and for the present what is our loss, we feel is his gain.

Of Mr. Hull it can be truly said, he is a progressive Spiritualist, before sowing the seed, he carefully removes all obstructions. So there can be no hindrance to the growth of truth. "This true he cuts sharp and deep, so in case of a cancerous growth the surgeon is obliged to use sharp instruments, and cut to the very root of the evil, if he would eradicate the disease. It is so with our esteemed brother, though the cuts be sharp and deep, yet the love of truth, justice, honesty, and fair play to all mankind is ever prominent with him, and for these noble traits we say God bless him. It is no child's play which the angel world has mapped out for him, his feet shall press the thorn as well as the rose, yet for our friend we prophesy a brilliant, and successful future. His truths shall be felt, and acknowledged not only by men of thought, but they shall reach out into the heart of mother nature, and bear fruit which shall be a golden harvest for the people. Go on, noble worker, in your grand efforts to awaken the people out of their lethargy.

The crisis is fast approaching, sisters, brothers, let us be up and doing, and be prepared to do battle for the right, let our lives be living monuments of the cause we espouse, be helpful one to another, send out our best thoughts, let the house of God, the inner temple of the soul, be made a fit habitation for the indwelling of the spirit. Let us live true lives.

To our speakers give our best thoughts, and heartiest support, remember, money does not always compensate for labor, so, as Spiritualists, let us endeavor to throw around our evangelists the necessary conditions, so that the angel world and our earth home may be as one unbroken chord, linking the finite with the infinite. And of our children? The little ones entrusted to our care to whom we must consign our places when we go hence. What are we doing for them? Are we teaching them aright? Help us, oh thou loving ones, to lead these precious buds safe into the innermost recesses of thy divine love.

This month (March) Dr. George A. Fuller lectures for us, of the doctor those who know him need no telling of what he is, and those who have never had the pleasure of attending his lectures we sincerely pity. Of the controls we can truly say they are grand, noble spirits, and while listening to the eloquence and beauty, as given through his organism one need only to close their eyes to be transported within the very gates of paradise. We know that Spiritualism is growing in our city, it is branching out in all directions (for this I am glad). Many public meetings are being held, and innumerable private seances. Let the good work go on, let the freedom which our loved flag conveys to us as citizens of this glorious country be an emblem of our cause, free as the air we breathe, to those who will come and drink of the waters of life. It is our comfort in time of trouble, and many are the sweets waited on high by suffering humanity, who have found sweetest comfort in the knowledge of the return of their loved ones.

The fields all are ripening, and far and wide,
The world is waiting, the harvest is great,
But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much would be lost should the harvest wait.
So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain,
Till on the hill the end of the harvest comes,
Then share in the joy of the harvest home.
Where are the reapers? Oh, who will come,
And share in the glory of the harvest home?
Who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

E. M. N.

Anderson, Ind.

The Madison Avenue Spiritualists began a series of seances at the temple last week.

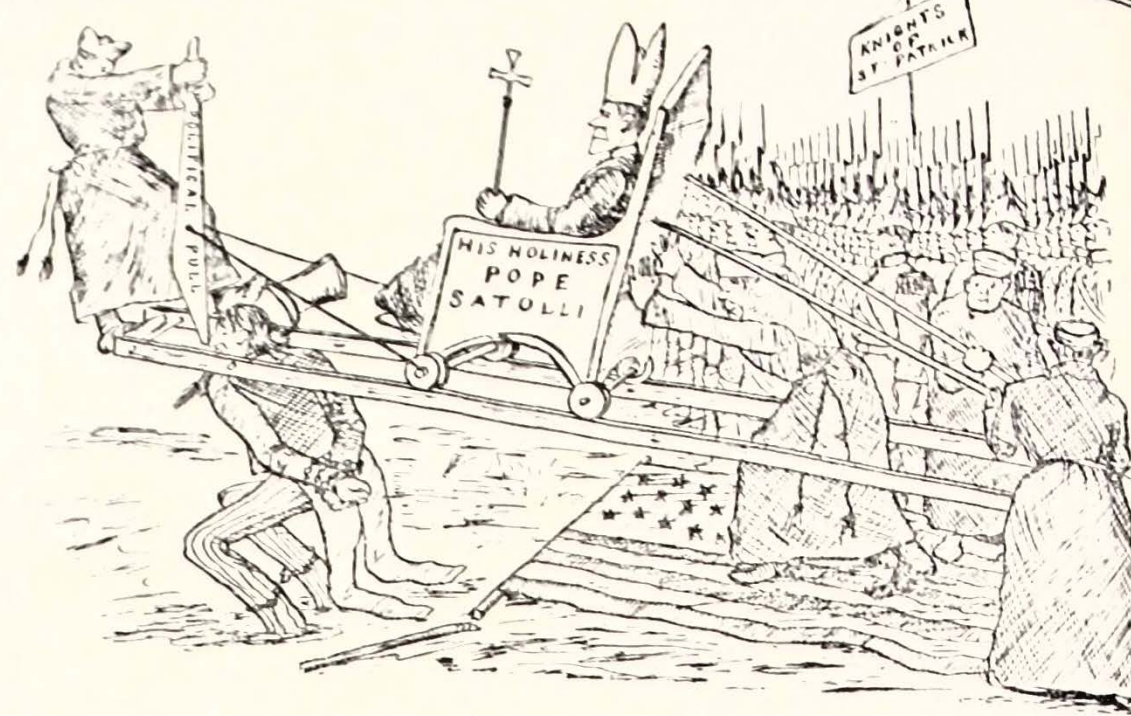
The program for the revival consists of seances every night in the week except Saturday and Sunday nights, and lectures on Sunday mornings and evenings.

The seances are given under the mediumship of Chirley Barnes, of Cincinnati, assisted by John Sutton, of this place. The seance of last evening was highly satisfactory to the officers of the association.

The manifestations were produced under test conditions—that is to say a circle was formed by the joining of hands, thereby making it impossible for the mediums to play on the instruments, a guitar and zither—in short, the conditions were such that fraud would be an impossibility. The music as played on the instruments was excellent. There was much conversation between the guests and their spirit visitors. Many of the spirits spoke in audible tones.

Mr. Barnes' control delivered a brief but able lecture near the close of the meeting.

Those who desire to attend should place their applications with Dr. Billigoss. Next Sunday morning (Rev. Noses Hull will begin his series of lectures for March.—N.



Uncle Samuel's Impending Predicament.

Cleveland, O.

The truths of Spiritualism have never before been so widely spread in this city, on a more deep-rooted and beneficial manner, than in the past six months, and the workers in the cause begin to see the fruits.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, although not having any regular speaker engaged this season, have, by untiring efforts, increased their membership to double its number, due mainly to a new feature introduced in the evening session called the Adult Class, conducted by Mrs. Effie Moss, materializing medium, (who, by the way, is not only a splendid medium, but a grand woman and zealous worker) for the benefit of societies who have their halls unoccupied during the evening. The Adult Class had its origin in the seance room in this way. There are many persons desirous of asking questions concerning the laws governing the phenomena that cannot do so for want of time. So the guides of the medium offered if they would form a class in connection with the Children's Lyceum to explain to them as far as possible. This class was formed, and has now been running six weeks with increased numbers every evening. Numerous subjects have been discussed with great profit to all. Our order of exercises are: Reading of paper on subject fifteen minutes, followed by five-minute speeches by the members, after which the leaders' control, Jack, gives a full digest of the subject, followed by photo readings by Mrs. Moss (this phase of mediumship is entirely new to the Cleveland public) and highly satisfactory. After which the evening is taken up with platform tests by the same medium. These tests are doing a telling work that cannot be estimated.

The Gould Course of Lectures have come to a sudden close February 26th, an intellectual success, but a financial failure.

The Lyceum holds their anniversary exercises April 2nd. Mrs. M. E. Wallace, inspirational and trance speaker, of New York, Mrs. Effie Moss, platform test medium, will take part. To close with a grand ball April 7th.

CHARLES COLLIER, Conductor C. P. L.

Washington, D. C.

At the last meeting of the Seekers After Spiritual Truth, resolutions of confidence and esteem were tendered Dr. Henry J. Temple, as follows:

Whereas, Brother Henry J. Temple, who will soon sever his connection with his brethren in Spiritualism of this locality, and go to other fields of labor, has proved his earnestness in promoting the cause of truth by rendering kindly aid to the Seekers After Spiritual Truth in his capacity as a clairvoyant medium, thereby bringing happiness to many who have learned through his mediumship of the continued existence of the apparent dead; and,

Whereas, This society appreciates the brother for his high standard of character and moral worth, as proven by his acts and words on various occasions, and of his sincere devotedness, to advocacy of Spiritualism; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Seekers After Spiritual Truth cordially commend him as a true-hearted Spiritualist and competent medium of clairvoyant and clairaudient phases, and trust that he will be heartily welcomed and make many friends in his new location; and be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes, that an engrossed copy by presented Brother Temple, and that they be published in the journals devoted to Spiritualism.

O. W. HUMPHREY, Sec'y.

E. B. FAIRCHILD, Pres.
[An interesting letter accompanying this will appear in next issue. Ed.]

Hamilton, Can.

On Sunday evening the inspiring intelligence (Tschirner) through Brother Walrod, gave a stirring and impressive discourse on "Intolerance; or, How these Christians Love One Another." Intolerance, the guide says, was the offspring of ignorance, and in consequence a bitter war was ever being waged among the different religious sects of the world, but nowhere was the battle so fierce as in the limited sphere of Christendom. Catholics and Protestants were deadly enemies towards each other, though each sect professed to love and believe the same God, they each worshipped the same crucified Jesus, and yet notwithstanding the repeated commands of "Love ye one another," and "That he who loveth God loves his brother also," hatred was ever uppermost on both sides. The fact of a person being a Catholic, a Protestant, a Mohammedan, a Brahmin, a Confucian, or the follower of any other religion was due to the incidence of parentage and birth as a rule, and each one only saw with the mental eyes that were developed from infancy under religious training of parents or teachers.

The Catholic, in consequence, can see nothing good in Protestantism, while the Protestant can perceive nothing but evil and error in Catholicism, their eyes are blinded to the other side of the picture entirely. That there are evils and false dogmas in both religions all must admit, but surely the spirit of toleration and love will reorganize some good points worthy of record. The guide did not defend either religion, but deprecated the prevalent intolerance exhibited on both sides, an intolerance so bitter that it became a deep-rooted hatred and an indelible blot in the evolution and progression of the spirit of man and woman.

We all know, said the control, there is a desire on the part of the Roman hierarchy to assume constitutional and political supremacy, and right here it behooved every thinking man and woman to stand bravely up and defend to the very utmost that heaven-born freedom that human beings enjoy who are no longer under the governmental influence of any church. The blood of hundreds of thousands was the purchase money of this freedom, and woe betide the country that ever falls under the yoke of parson or priest. These great fighting generals and amazons of Christendom were prepared to slaughter outright every one who did not believe as they believed. This had been the experience of past ages, and would again be repeated if the Church held the reins of government.

Quite a number of questions were handed up from the audience, and all answered at great length by the spirit guides, but the great theme of the evening was the subject of "Brotherly Love and Toleration," or, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION.

The tenth semi-annual meeting of the Mississippi Valley Association and celebration of the forty-fifth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be held in the Unitarian Church at Moline, Ill., on Saturday and Sunday, April 1 and 2, 1893.

Business meeting of the association, Saturday, April 1st, at 10:30 a. m. Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, of Philadelphia, is engaged for the anniversary exercises, and will deliver three lectures during the season. Saturday evening at 8, and Sunday at 3 and 8 o'clock, p. m. Everybody invited. Admission free. Board at hotels from \$1 to \$2 per day.

WILL C. HODGE, Sec'y.

ATTENTION SPIRITUALISTS!

The First Society of State Spiritualists and Liberals of Delphos, Kansas, appeals to all Spiritualists and Liberals in behalf of a worthy mission. We are not begging, nor do we ask something for nothing.

Our society has in contemplation the erection of a hotel upon its beautiful grounds, in order that we may accommodate the visitors attending the camp.

The projective movements are now ripe for action. Our association is legally chartered and stock issued. We can carry to completion our work without some assistance, we therefore, call upon all those who can help us in any amount to subscribe for as many shares of stock as convenient for them. The stock is fixed at one dollar per share, and every share has an intrinsic worth, being fully represented in property. This camp is destined to become the representative camp of the West, being located in one of the most fertile valleys in the State; a salubrious climate, a fine farming country, and in all a pleasant place for the home seeker. It being the State Camp, with legally authorized power to institute auxiliary societies, schools, sanitariums, etc., makes of it an accomplishing future for all who invest in its stock. We make this proposition: To every one who will subscribe for five shares or more, we will send the LIGHT OF TRUTH for one year to any name designated by them.

Now, friends, here is an opportunity to spread the good cause in a two-fold way, and thereby help to build up the future work of Spiritualism.

For full information and details address
I. N. RICHARDSON, Sec'y, Delphos, Kan.

Marcellus, Mich.

The quarterly convention of Southwestern Spiritualists convened in Centennial Hall, February 25 and 26, 1893. On Saturday at 2 p. m. the meeting was called to order by Pres. Dent W. R. Sirrine. Music followed, by two sisters, Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Buskirk. The speaker engaged for the session was Mrs. A. E. Sheets. The session began with marks from an auditor, followed by a fine piece of music. Then Mrs. Sheets took the rostrum for a short lecture. A good attendance for the opening session. Mrs. Sheets' subject Saturday evening was: "Gathering in the Sheaves." On Sunday, 10 a. m., meeting was called to order by the president, followed by music by the sisters; a short speech from Mr. Howard; recitation by Mrs. Warner, of Pawpaw; a essay by Mrs. Hedley, entitled "Treatment of Children," recitation by Mrs. Snider, and a musical rendition by the sisters. This concluded the forenoon services.

The Sunday afternoon meeting was called to order by the president, followed by music by the sisters; invocation by Mrs. Sheets, who then took questions from the audience and talked upon as many as time would permit; although the audience would have listened much longer.

Sunday evening the meeting opened with music by the sisters, whereupon Mrs. Sheets made a few remarks and recited a poem entitled, "In the Land Where Dreams Come True." She then took up the balance of the questions given by the audience and handled them in a way that opened the minds of all present, feeling that they had enjoyed a great treat from a most eloquent speaker.

I must not omit the vote of thanks tendered to the Marcellus friends for their kind hospitality in entertaining their friends. The weather was good for this time of year, and the attendance was quite large throughout the session. The meeting was a success in general. H. A. SORTORE.

New York City.

A Spiritualist fair, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society, will be held in Adelphi Hall, Fifty-second Street and Seventh Ave., during the afternoon and evenings of March 29, 30, and 31, 1893. Donations of useful, fancy, and miscellaneous articles are earnestly solicited, and may be sent to the following addresses: Mrs. Henry J. Newton, 125 West Forty-third Street, New York City; Mrs. Simpson Smith, 50 West Ninety-sixth Street, New York City; Miss M. A. Stodder, 61 Grove Street, New York City; Mrs. Milton J. Rathbun, 18 Summit Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings is speaking for the St. Louis Spiritualist Association during the month of March. She met with a full house Sunday evening and proved a success. Edgar Emerson has just closed a successful month's engagement, and next month George H. Brooks will be our speaker.

NOTES FROM ALL POINTS.

Kansas City, Mo.—C. H. Gates writes: "Mr. G. H. Brooks has just closed a three months' engagement with our society and leaves the city with the best wishes of all. His work has been very successful and of untold benefit to our society. Through his efforts we have established a lyceum, a ladies aid, and added a goodly number of members to our roll. Mr. Jennie B. Hagan Jackson will be with us for March and April. She may be addressed corner Fourth and Holly Street. I May J. Frank Baxter ministers to us, and in June possibly Mrs. Ada Foy."

Carlsbad, Cal.—The Spiritualists of this vicinity have united to meet every Sunday. We have a very good trance speaker in Mrs. L. C. Prindle, an old worker thirty years in the field. Dr. A. H. Vail is our president, and Mr. Edward Hammond is vice-president. Our intention is to incorporate organization to be known as the spiritual organization of the southwest Pacific Coast. They want one hundred of the lecture of M. J. Savage, known as tract No. 2, for distribution. We agree with you that it will assist in filling a long-felt want of missionary work. Enclose find United Express order for same.—Send to A. H. Vail, Carlsbad, San Diego Co., Cal.

New Orleans, La.—Mr. George V. Cordingly, of St. Louis, Mo., who has been occupying our rostrum during February has closed his engagement with the society. This gentleman is quite a poet. At our closing session Mr. C. asked of a young man in the audience a subject for a poem. The young man declined, saying "I prefer not." Mr. Cordingly then rattled off about fifteen verses on "I Prefer Not," to the great amusement of the audience, and the discomfort of the young man. Mr. Cordingly will remain in the Crescent City for several weeks to come, as he has a great host of friends and acquaintances, and is in no hurry to leave. He may be addressed at 474 St. Charles Avenue. On Thursday night, February 23d, at our hall, 50 Camp Street, a seance was held by George V. Cordingly and Webster St. Ceran. The latter is a resident of New Orleans, and a fine medium; he always objects to going in public and giving seances, but now he is gradually getting over all this, and is coming to the front. On March 21 Mr. Cordingly gave a grand test seance for the benefit of the Ladies Auxiliary of the New Orleans Association of Spiritualists. Mr. Stanley will be with us during the month of March.—Mabel Kline, 107 Canal St.

SUPPLEMENT TO LIGHT OF TRUTH.

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THOMAS PAINE.

Synopsis of an Oration by Willard J. Hull, at Girard Assembly Rooms, Philadelphia, Feb. 2, 1893.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Greatness as applied to the character of man may be said to embody three general essentials, viz: Capacity, Judgment, and Energy. In estimating character upon this hypothesis, the foibles and personal idiosyncracies, which are found in larger or lesser degree in all men and which go to make up, in a way, the volume of mental acquisitions, must be ignored and the prime motive force, or central idea be taken into consideration in order to determine the lines upon which the mental or spiritual forces of the mind operate.

The capacity to conceive original ideas, the power of reason to analyze them and the will to put them into practice constitutes the trinity of true greatness. They may be named in their equivalents, Love, Duty, and Action. In looking over the lives of men who have wielded the affairs of the world, how few there are who have possessed these prime qualifications in their entirety. One man may have capacity but no judgment or energy; another may have energy and capacity but no judgment; another may have capacity and judgment but no energy. The combination is strikingly at variance in different individuals, and, indeed in the same individuality, and yet such have at times performed great services for the State and have been classed amongst the benefactors of the race.

But they cannot occupy a place with the grand reformers and apostles whose names and characters rise out of the slough of ages with increasing brightness as the years heap upon them.

And the strange thing is that greatness, in the sense I have presented it, has never, until our time received its own in contemporaneous events. All leaders of thought and all leaders of men have lived on the peaks and crags and wind-swept mountains of life, and because of their exposure and prominence have ever been the targets for the javelins, arrows, wormwood and vinegar which a thoughtless horde has aimed at them. Did not Socrates, with whom no brain of ancient Greece could be counted a peer, drink the cup of logwood because he preached sedition? Greece, mighty in her prowess, was weak enough to let the fate of Agamemnon be a nobler one than that of Socrates. This is her shame. Cicero, the greatest orator of Rome, who was hailed by Cato as the "Father of his Country" offered his neck to the sword of his executioners. Brutus was no more the Iago who slew great Caesar than was Anthony the tool of despots that cut off the life of Cicero. Plato, the great contemporary of Socrates, had to fly from Athens for his life.

Men have always made gods, and they have as persistently destroyed them. Heroes have been exalted only to feed the shambles with patriotic blood. Philosophers have burned while the frenzy of the mob added fury to the flames. You know that Voltaire was so great that only one man in Europe was deemed wise enough to read his best manuscript, and yet no character in history has been more wontonally assailed, misunderstood, and execrated. In fact, if we search the whole field of history, we shall fail to find a single instance where a truly great and wise man has escaped persecution.

It has remained for the civilization and the love of liberty which has culminated in a period extending back no farther than fifty years to make it possible for a thinker or a hero to live without torture. If the inspiration which foreshadowed American independence had held no other than this possibility it was worthy of the perpetual homage of a free people, it was because of this proud estate, heralded at Lexington Valley Forge, Saratoga, and Yorktown, that Grant could command the respect and honor of the whole civilized world. It was for this reason that Emerson, the Sage of Concord, and Longfellow, and Lowell, and Whittier could become heavenly cockles around the great heart of the American people. It was for this that Phillips and Garrison and Parker could hurl the denunciations of heaven against slavery and still live as the great Warwicks of New England thought. Even Daniel Webster, the intellectual giant of America, could pulverize his soul on the crucible of his own apostasy and become the grand ruin of 1850 when he advocated the fugitive slave law; yet even this infamy could not rob Daniel Webster of his rightful mausoleum in the love of the people. To what prodigious lengths, then, has the sense of liberty and free thought carried the essentials of greatness! If this glory had attached to intrepidity and devotion eighty-three years ago, the man who had served the nation in its need never would have returned to its bosom to die unhonored and unsung, nor his memory held up in execration. He was not a prodigal. Is it not a queer thing that feasts should be spread for the dissolute and poison prepared for the benefactor? But had not this life given out amidst the execrations of the godly, had not the cowl of pety been torn from the pates of hypocrites by his pen, had not a broader conception been given of man's duty to himself and the God he worships, then there had been no worthy history to relate, and the world had been deprived of the spectacle of his apotheosis.

Therefore it is well.

Fame were better thus to be snatched from a false position than to be the recipient of the applause of a thoughtless following. The price of his honor and greatness was the same as that of a Socrates, Apollonius, Cæsar, and Voltaire. He could pay no more. None higher could be demanded.

In approaching the character and services of Thomas Paine I have been filled with a sense of incompetency to perform in a just manner the task of presenting a eulogy commensurate with his genius. My trouble has been to know if I am equipped to speak upon his life in a manner that will be true and at the same time have no tincture of fulsome praise or encomium. Greatness never courts the baubles of sycophancy. Littleless always does. Flattery has ever been the prelude to a tragedy, where great men were concerned. It is the enchantment of the baselisk that lures men to perdition. Columbus received the homage and flattery of the court of Spain when he brought to it the tidings of a new world. The next time he returned to that court he was in chains.

I desire not to make any mistakes, but I must hew to the line. Moreover, I have felt constrained to ask if I might pronounce a panegyric upon this anniversary, and before this audience of thoughtful men and women. For what right have I to speak or pass judgment, who knew him not, save as the bright redundancy of his thought has come to me out of the debris of infamy with which it has been covered up? I love his character, and cherish his memory, so do thousands; yes, millions worthier than I am, and yet I had felt it my duty to intrude into the sanctuary of this great life and speak the words that shall help in restoring it to its rightful niche in the great minister of human affairs. Therefore, I have asked and received permission and, knowing as I do, that as well as thin and evanescent as ether hangs between my poor vision and his keen penetration; how careful should be the spoken words, how cherished the unspoken thought, for

he knows each and measures all. I speak thus because I wish to impress you with the responsibility I feel in taking up the work before me this evening. I want you to know that I have no interest save that of truth and justice, no malevolence save that which I always hurl at ingratitude and superstition. I can only touch upon this life. It is for the biographer, not the orator or the eulogist to picture it in its fulness upon the great canvas of human life.

It matters little what particular locality may have been the birthplace of a man who could say: "The world is my country, to do good my religion." This sentiment no other man ever equaled, and Thomas Paine himself never equaled it until he pleaded for the life of a deposed king to the frenzy of a mob who rushed for his own head for making the appeal. When we say he was the son of a Quaker stay-maker, and was born at Thetford, England, January 29, 1736, we merely speak of one of thousands who perhaps first saw the light at Thetford, England. It signifies nothing that Stratford-on-Avon had been the home of many mothers before and after Shakespeare was born. Men never consider the genius of Shakespeare or Washington or Bacon or Franklin or Newton with reference to their place of nativity. So with Paine. He was common clay enough in his boyhood and youth. Like others destined to move the world, he waited for the breach he was to fill. He was unconscious of it all. He could not have foreseen the romance of a life stranger than any fiction. He could sense none of the applause, anathemas or lies which were to accompany his march to the tomb! Could he have read the horoscope of his life he would have laughed while he fed the palm of the fakir who foretold it. He lived and labored in his obscure way until he saw tyranny enthroned and justice manacled. When he saw it he knew something was wrong. Other men saw the same thing. Some of the fretted, and, like the excited stallions, champed their bits, then settled back into the traces and pulled the load. Some of them raised the cry of justice and then took the bribe that gagged her. Their own pollution was not so bad as that with which they had despoiled justice. Paine was aware of all this, but he was unknown; he had no influence beyond the sphere of his circumscribed condition in life. He had learned his father's trade, and made stays. Kluge, priests, and aristocracy knew him not. This man was to help jog the world of ideas along the grand a-pean way of progress. Nobody knew it. He had settled in his humdrum life and had taken a wife in 1759. Mary Lambert was her name, the daughter of an exciseman. He carried her dead body to the grave a year afterwards. This was his first great grief. Twelve years later he married Elizabeth Olive, in Lewes. They lived three years as man and wife and then separated by mutual consent. It seems strange that a spirit such as this should be shorn of the tender, clinging, and helpful counsel and love of woman! But this it was, and at the age of thirty-eight, in the prime of his manhood, he was blasted in his tenderest spot. He now turned his attention to the affairs of the world. He caught a whiff from the court of tyranny, borne from the Atlantic sea-board eastward to mix with the court of George III. He saw the uprising spirit of independence, which was struggling to free itself from that tyranny. Here was the breach. Paine hastened to fill it. He came to the colonies, brought nothing with him but his brains. Franklin had seen him in England, measured his metal, and gave him letters of introduction to the leading patriots of the colonies. In the calm position from which we may now view that event we can echo the voice of the times which gave to Paine the credit of concentrating the thought of the people upon the necessity of revolution. On the first of January, 1776, when he was forty years of age, he issued his first contribution to the literature of America, "Common Sense." Immediately there was a great awakening. It stirred the sluggish blood of the timid and set fire to the fuel already gathered. The conservative element in politics assayed to answer Paine's argument, but every man to whom the task was assigned pronounced it unanswerable. There was no alternative left save dishonor, should the people determine to repudiate the principles laid down in that pamphlet. After firing this broadside into England's tyrannical policy, Paine turned his attention to the framing of that immortal fabric known as the Declaration of Independence. He, more than any other one man, caught the inspiration which makes that instrument immortal. He thought it out, and with his great coadjutor, Jefferson, labored, corrected, revised, embellished and perfected it, and with the little company of patriots who marched out of Independence Hall at sunset on that memorable Fourth of July, he saw it hurled in the teeth of Great Britain as the ultimatum of a people free and independent. Paine's name was affixed to the original draft of the Declaration, but when his fame became his infamy and the gorgeous paunch had been filled and emptied with venom upon his apostasy, it was carefully erased. War was declared and he went into the army and shared its rigors. He noted its triumphs and its defeats, and his services were recognized and rewarded by Congress by a grant of \$3,000. New York gave him a farm in Westchester County, and Pennsylvania gave him land also. When the forces of Washington's army were shattered by defeat and discouraged by uncertainty and privation during the dark hours of the Revolution Paine stirred the drooping hearts of the soldiers with "The Crisis," which he began with the saying that has long since become familiar: "These are the times that try men's souls." This pamphlet was commended by General Washington, and an order was issued that it should be read to the soldiers to revive their drooping spirits. And it did. Paine's literary style was peculiar. It carried a personality that never fawned upon adulation nor courted the favors of the insipid. He wrote from the heart to the heart, from the mind to the mind. The soldiers understood him; they saw clearly the points raised and the redress offered. They trusted, too, the intrepid writer, and to the production of that pamphlet is due in a large degree the succeeding victories which finally culminated at Yorktown where Cornwallis threw down his sword and the cause of his king at the feet of the colonists.

Thomas Paine was a true statesman. He grasped the tide of affairs with consummate tact and ability. Wherever the eye of a leader was required his vision swept the farthest horizon. He was sought by Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and other pioneers as a man equipped by nature to take hold of the most difficult problems. ***** He was appointed by Congress to be Secretary of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and he went to England where he wrote "The Rights of Man" in 1791. This book was written in answer to Burke's great disquisition on the causes tending to produce the French Revolution. It shook England to her very centre, and was the means of making Paine an outlaw in the land of his birth. He was in this instance that which he had been in the early days of the American Revolution, the champion of man's equality and independence. This sentiment was the clarion note of the rebellion against British tyranny. It took well in the Colonies, and Paine well knowing the feeling it had engendered in the English aristocracy was brave and dauntless enough to fling it into

the teeth of the lion and on his own heath. He counted the cost, too. He knew that his reply to Burke was treason to the English government. England at that time was not ready for Thomas Paine. She could endure Pitt, she could countenance Burke, but she could not have endured Gladstone, and Gladstone to-day occupies substantially the ground taken by Paine in his "Rights of Man." As a statesman Paine was in advance of his time. He plowed a furrow in a virgin soil. He probed lower than the abscess he treated, and below the abscess he struck a king. This was his crime in England. The divinity that hedged about the king could not stand the light of truth and man's independence. The evils of society, the despotism of autocracy, the ignorance of purged power and the arm of a corrupt law were all on guard before the palace. None of them deterred Thomas Paine. He saw tyranny on the throne and servility in the hovel, and he wielded his pen in defense of the hovel. He was indicted for treason, but was allowed to leave the country under the sentence of outlawry and banishment. This was his reward for paving the way upon which the liberal and radical thought of Great Britain to-day rides and hurls thunders upon the conservative heads of the Tories. The essence of Paine's motive force was the people. He hated kingscraft for the same reason that a surgeon hates a cancer, and yet he would not destroy even a king. The king in his sight was one of the people in a false position. He strove to kill the craft and save the king.

When he was thrust out of England he looked over into France and saw another king and a worse tyranny. He heard the sullen roar of the "Mountain" and the echo from the "Marsh." The Jacobins and the Girondists had been drinking the inspiration of Marat and Danton. The Hotel De Ville was preparing to feed Luxembourg with its proud and haughty guests. Paine had been in France in 1781 with General Laurens to negotiate a loan for the United States, and again in 1787 as a member of the American Philosophical Society to represent that body at the Academy of Science in Paris, but that was before the Statue of Reason was upborne through the streets by a mob that defied reason. When Paine was banished from England Paris was a commune filled with bandits, bigots, and fiends. Centuries of tyranny and corruption had culminated in the horrors of 1792. The tumbrils and La Guillotine were garlanded with the populace and its blood. Neither arms availed the defiant nor submission the timid. Age and sex were forgotten in this unparalleled feast of death. The very gutters ran blood, and yet the pent-up volcano was not emptied of its vengeance. "Vive la Republique!" had long since usurped the cry "Vive la Roi!" but heads must feed the yawning baskets and make tally-knots of the red-capped knitters of the Fanbours. Louis XVI. was a pauper and a prisoner, and Robespierre was the autocrat of France. From a voluptuous court she had marched to an infamous court. For the reign of tyranny she had taken the reign of terror. From the Tuilleries she went to the Bastille and La Force.

Into this sea, this maelstrom, Thomas Paine made his way. He was elected by the Department of Calais to the French Convention in 1792 and helped to frame a national constitution. He was as zealous for the country of La Fayette as both himself and La Fayette had been for American independence. When the matter of the king's disposition came up, he alone voted to save his life and offered the convention an asylum to him in the United States. There is nowhere in history a spectacle of such a lofty sublimity as the pleading of Thomas Paine for the life of Louis XVI. Search where you will and a greater act of heroism and magnanimity cannot be found. He, the hater of kingscraft, the enemy of despotism, imploring a maddened mob to spare their tyrant! The essence of the Revolution lay in the line that produced Louis XVI! He was the apex of a pyramid of infamy. He must be removed before the courses below him could be reached and razed to the earth! And the pleader not a Frenchman! How could he know what French justice was under the First Republic? He, a foreigner, and alone to make that defense! *that plea!* Well, he paid the penalty for his intrepidity there as he had paid it in England. Robespierre became suspicious of him. He was not a true citizen. Mercy was not a quality of citizenship. To show mercy was to reveal a traitor. He was driven from the convention and eventually thrust into prison, and by an accident, which can be accounted for only on the ground of spirit interposition, he escaped the guillotine. The shaver of heads was not to operate on him. Robespierre himself and his accomplices could and did take the knife to which they had consigned noble and helot alike. But Paine's work was not finished in the French Convention. In the midst of all that excitement he was calm and unruffled. While the tumbrils rattled with their loads to the knife, he was looking for the cause of the massacre. The populace shouted "Down with the King!" "Down with Religion!" "Down with God!" "Long live the Republic!" Paine studied history.

The Committee of Public Safety cut off heads by the score every day. Paine found the reason why Paris should have a "Committee of Public Safety." He finally came to the conclusion that the line along which events had transpired to produce the revolution of 1792 was one of priestcraft. His career up to this time had been a protest and an onslaught against kings. He now concluded to walk around their thrones. He had sent his lance through the white swelling of English tyranny and pricked a King. He sent it through the French Convention, through Louis XVI., through Robespierre and struck a priest. Like Voltaire and Volney, he was a freeman as well as a liberty-lover. Few statesmen are that. There have been very few statesmen who have dared to walk all around the throne. Paine dared to do so. A monarchy in his sight was only a wall upon which the people might gaze and quake. He knew that if the wall were battered down a cloister would be seen behind the palace. He knew that civil authority would be found licking the crucifix. He did what he could to batter down that wall. Since he finished his work, men have beheld just what he said was there.

If Paine had stopped at the French Convention, monuments erected to his memory would dot the plazas of civilization. He was a universal citizen. His country was the world, his work whatever there was oppression to remove. He was a plain man, loved seclusions, avoided ostentation and strove to better the common weal. His traits of character constituted his greatness. It is idle to speculate as to whether he was aware of his position. He knew he had a place; he knew that his name would go down to posterity honored and lamented. But in attempting to balance his patriotism and fidelity with his patriotism and infidelity with he saw everything the world would treasure go down in putrefaction and infamy and he let them go. He now took up the great work of his life; a work destined to free many mental slaves while its author drank the wormwood.

Every great man is unique. He can not be imitated. He can not borrow from himself. As Emerson says of scipio: "His scipionism was the very part of him that he could not

borrow." So with Paine. His theological work stands out as distinct and well defined as the Dealogues of Plat or the plays of Shakespeare. He could not have duplicated the "Age of Reason" on any other line of thought. It has a distinct individuality, like a bridge or an arch.

In contemplating Thomas Paine with regard to this the closing scene of his public career, we consider the history of religion relative to man's needs and the state. From the remotest antiquity the authority of a priesthood had been considered above that of the civil power. The element of superstition while being the most degrading had always been the most powerful. The priesthood founded on superstition and fostered by it, had, therefore predominated in the world affairs wherever the mental status of the people had been at a low ebb. Wherever ignorance is at a premium, then you find the priesthood in a flourishing condition. As long as the people are kept in ignorance the power to rule them remains easy. Vast systems of surveillance, inquisitions, torture chambers, dungeons, screws, racks and stakes have been the adjuncts to priest craft. Religion has been twisted into a covering for the most diabolical schemes of plunder and slaughter. Nations have been subdued and communities decimated by the despotic arm of the church.

All the great crimes that shock the reader of history have been enacted at the instigation of the church and with its aid. The history of Christianity is written in every ruin that marks the retardation of progress for fifteen centuries. There is no machine on earth today so complete, so implacable and so unyielding as the Roman Christian Church. What she was in the by gone centuries she is now, and the only reason we have for our escape from its crushing power is the fact that something besides religion was ingrafted on the tree of American progress. That something was liberty and intelligence which make even a Christian better than his creed, which make a Catholic better than the yoke he carries.

Now, Thomas Paine saw all this and more when he wrote "The Age of Reason." He had watched the pomp, the ermine, the purple and the scepter; and while the mob cried bravo and fell to its knees, he saw a blood-hound and heard the clank of a chain. He had traveled along the centuries which had played kings and paupers in a game of destiny. He saw skulls when others saw painted cheeks and lips of honey. When he heard the praises sung to Jesus, the meek and lowly, he caught the wall of a captive. When he sniffed incense from the altar he compared it to the stench of the dungeon. When he listened to the surplined choir, he heard the shrieks of the rack. The great law of contrast enabled him to measure the abomination of priestcraft. The rabble saw the exterior of paint and guilt; the rabble worshipped the mitre, the stole, the chasuble, and the wafer. Paine saw the interior of ashes and calcined bones. He saw the crucifix and the dagger that defended it. He saw the maiden's collar, the thumbscrew, the gag and the wheel. Do you wonder that his great soul was fired with a purpose to lay bare the monstrous peridy? Do you wonder that he, knowing that kingdoms and principalities were the puppets of the Church, should strike a blow at the greatest fraud on earth?

He knew that religion meant good works and so he wrote in his great exordium: "I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy."

He knew that the divine in man symbolized itself in the eternal life of all things, and so he wrote: "I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life."

He knew that the barbaric scheme of salvation and its alternative of eternal hell was as false as it was shocking, and so he declared that "no religion can be a true religion that has ought in it that shocks the mind of a child."

He knew the assumption of plenary inspiration was a fable, and so he declared that "Revelation can not be applied to anything that comes to us second hand; it is revelation only to the person who receives it."

He knew that the purpose of evolution and the divinity in man involved brotherhood universal and so he said: "The world is my country, to do good my religion!" the grandest sentiment ever uttered by a human being. He searched the Bible as a surgeon scrutinizes a cancer. He analyzed it as a chemist analyzes the properties of light and heat. He threw the refuse to the winds and gave the true and the beautiful a place. Truth was his goal, reason his guide. He had nothing else. The priest yelled, "believe or be damned!" Paine said: "The reason for doubting a thing simply on the testimony of another person is as good for you and me as it was for Thomas." As he had been in his political writings so he was in his theological writings, always the reasoner, the counselor, never the dictator nor the judge.

He knew that centuries of training in falsehood had brought about a state of mind which looked upon a lie as the divinest truth. Men can discard old ideas in every department of civilization except the religious department. They could discard the tallow dip for the oil lamp, the oil lamp for the jet of gas, and the gas for the electric light, but they still bend their knees to the candles and images that decorated the altars ten centuries ago. It is a psychological idolatry. Paine strove to break it up and raise the idolator to his feet. He went around the altar as he went around the throne. No wonder the marketmen of commercial religion hated him. If he saw a priest and an altar behind the throne, he saw Moloch behind the altar. This was his greatest crime. He dared to invade a domain from which strong men had always shrunk. It required a heroism that reposed in few men at that time to look behind the altar and tell the world what he saw there. * * * During the interval between his accusation and imprisonment Thomas Paine wrote the first part of the "Age of Reason," and gave the manuscript to a friend for printing while on the way to prison. Immediately upon its publication he became infamous. The guns of vituperation and slander, plugged for a half century, now emptied their contents upon him. Where he had been honored he was now ostracised. The glove of purple was changed for the glove of steel and scale. He had felt the velvet paw of society, he now felt the claws. Birds of paradise were transformed into buzzards that poked their rottenness in his face. Hell, devils, chains, shrieks, and groans were all rung in his ears and danced before his eyes by the minions of God's viceregent. He had dared to speak the truth in a matter of conscience. It was a most heinous sin. Friends left him as rats desert a rotten ship. He was dismayed but not repulsed. He had counted on this too. Children were scared into obedience at the mention of his name. For more than fifty years he was the bogey of religion. Pregnant mothers did not dare to think of him for fear of marking their unborn infants. He was regarded as a fiend of hell, and his poor soul was damned to its lowest dungeon. He returned to the United States in 1802 and found every door closed against him. He lived on obscurely, nearly friendless and comparatively alone until 1809. In that year, 8th of June, his great soul escaped its leash and opened its tortured vision upon the realities and the justice of a realm he had earned, but which had been de-

used him by those who preached and prayed the loudest for it. The men who cursed Thomas Paine were hypocrites enough to pretend the measures of heaven for themselves, and even in his death these vultures picked his very bones with eagerness. They said he died recanting, terror-stricken, and a drunkard. They forgot his services in making a country for them to down him in. They only remembered that he had struck at a dead thing worshipped. This was enough. They could not understand how a patriot could criticize a false religion and die true to his principles. They knew that ignorance had always been the bathing-tub of superstition, and they knew they had all been baptized in it. If one of them happened to get far enough from the tub to see the scum on its contents, he might for the balance of his life prefer a cleaner place, but when he came to die his moral back-bone would come out and he would ask to be put back into the old tub.

It was on this basis that the Christian world estimated Thomas Paine. It was mistaken. He died, as he had lived, calmly and resignedly. History with him has been made up largely of lies. Not until Col. Ingersoll and a few others began the work of restoring him to his proper place, in speeches and various writings, followed by Conway's late and complete biography, has there been anything of a really authentic character performed that does justice to his life and services.

If we compare his views with those of many advanced Church men of the present time, the radical element will be seen to be largely with the latter. Col. Ingersoll well observes that he would be ranked to-day as an advanced Unitarian. This shows how we have grown. Paine lived in advance of his time. He sent an individuality into his writings that set fire to everything it encountered. It was this quality that made him so infectious as a statesman, and his character so universally admired. It was the same quality that fired the theological world when the "Age of Reason" appeared. It was a veritable firebrand. It burned the stubble and enriched the soil. * * * He laid a fuse from the magazine of despotism to the parthenon of liberty and set a match to it. The world to-day is listening to the explosion. Paine was a humanitarian. Religion at his time was not so. A religion of gods has no respect for men. Whenever humanity sings a Te Deum from an empty stomach and a shivering body there is something out of joint with religion.

Thomas Paine did not finish his work though he did his life, at New Rochelle, in 1809. Paine the mortal, the friendless, the maligned and the hunted, died that summer day. But Paine the immortal, the intrepid, the hero, the rejuvenated, in company with the great concourse of patriots who had walked in the vales of their own Gethsemanes before him, took his place in a pantheon where spears, thorns, rebukes, and slander cannot touch him. His force persists and his monument is rising. He hoped for happiness beyond this life, as he tells us. Yes! and he earned it and he has it. His apotheosis is just gilding the peaks of thought and veneration. Its noon-day splendor shall shine in the oncoming time when men shall be free universally. It were foolish to mourn that such a life as this has departed from earth, and we do not mourn. These services dedicate to the intrepidity of genius our devotion and gratitude that human life has produced such a character. Let loud acclaim swell the breeze and sing a hymn of gladness.

Freedom has burst the fetters of the creed-bound, and men can stand and be counted with the great apostle and patriot who could say:

"The world is my country, to do good my religion."

VOLTAIRE, AS EULOGIZED BY INGERSOLL.

Synopsis of a Lecture by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, delivered at Cincinnati, O. Sunday January 29, 1893.

"The infidels of one age have often been the aureoled saints of the next," said Colonel Ingersoll in his opening remarks. "The destroyers of the old are the creators of the new. As time sweeps on the old passes away, and the new in turn becomes old. There is in the intellectual world, as in the physical, decay and growth, and every by the grave of buried age stand youth and joy. The history of intellectual progress," the lecturer declared, "is written in the lives of infidels. Political rights have been preserved by traitors; liberty of mind by heretics. To attack the King was treason; to dispute the priest was blasphemy; for many years the sword and the cross were allies; together they attacked the rights of man; they defended each other; the throne and the altar were twins—two vultures from the same egg. James I. said: 'No Bishop, no King;' he might have added, 'No cross, no crown,' for the King owned the bodies of the men; the priests the souls. One lived on taxes collected by force; the other on alms collected by fear. Both robbers, both beggars."

"These robbers," Colonel Ingersoll said, "controlled two worlds. The King made laws, while the priest made creeds; both obtained their authority from God, and both were the agents of the Infinite. With bowed backs the people carried the burdens of the one, and with wonder's open mouth received the dogmas of the other. If the people aspired to be free they were crushed by the King; and every priest was a Herod, who slaughtered the children of the brain. Thus it was that the King ruled by force, the priests by fear, while each supported the other. The King said to the people: 'God made you peasants, and he made me to be King; He made you to labor, and me to enjoy; made rags and hovels for you, robes and palaces for me. He made you to obey, and me to command; and such is the justice of God.' The priests said: 'God made you ignorant and vile; He made me holy and wise; you are the sheep and I the shepherd, and your fleeces belong to me. Such is the mercy of God. You must not reason, for reason is a rebel; You must not contradict, for contradiction is born of egotism; you must believe.' The speaker then brought about a roar of laughter by quoting from the Scriptures: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

"It seems," said the lecturer, "that heaven is a question of ears." Continuing, he said: "There have been traitors and there have been heretics, blasphemers, thinkers, investigators, lovers of liberty, men of genius who have given their lives to better the condition of their fellow-men. It may be well enough here to ask: 'What is greatness?' A great man adds to the sum of knowledge, extends the horizon of thought, releases souls from the bastiles of fear, crosses unknown and mysterious seas, gives new islands and new continents to the domain of thought, new constellations to the firmament of the mind. A great man does not seek applause of place, he seeks for truth, he seeks for a road to happiness, and what he ascertains he gives to others. A great man throws pearls before swine, and the swine are sometimes changed to men."

"If the great had always kept their pearls vast multitudes of men would now be barbarians. A great man is a torch in the darkness, a beacon in superstition's night, an inspiration and a prophecy. Greatness is not the gift of majorities; it can not be thrust upon any man; men can not give it to another; they give place and power, but not greatness. The place does not make the man, nor the scepter the king, for greatness is from within. The great men are the heroes who have freed the bodies

of men; they are the philosophers and the thinkers who have given liberty to the soul; they are the poets who have transmuted the common and filled the lives of many millions with love and song. They are the artists who have covered the bare walls of weary life with triumphs of genius; they are the heroes who have slain the monsters of ignorance and the fear, who have outgazed the Gorgon and driven the cruel gods from their thrones. They are the inventors, the discoverers, the great mechanics, the kings of the useful who have civilized the world."

Here Colonel Ingersoll launched off into an elegant tribute to the subject of his lecture—Voltaire. Said Colonel Ingersoll: "At the head of this heroic army, foremost of all, stands Voltaire, Voltaire, whose memory we are honoring to-night. Voltaire! A name that excites the admiration of men, the malignity of priests. Pronounce that name in the presence of a clergyman and you will find that you have a declaration of war. Pronounce that name and from the face of the priest the mask of meekness will fall, and from the mouth of forgiveness will pour a Niagara of vituperation and calumny. And yet Voltaire was the greatest man of his century, and did more for the human race than any other of the sons of men."

On Sunday, November 21, 1694, a babe was born—a babe exceedingly frail, whose breath hesitated about remaining. This babe became the man of the eighteenth century. When Voltaire came to this 'great stage of fools' his country had been Christianized—not civilized—for about 1400 years. For a thousand years the religion of peace and good-will had reigned supreme: the laws had been given by Christian Kings and sanctioned by the wise and holy men. Under the benign reign of universal love every court had its chamber of torture and every priest relied on the thumb-screw of the rack. Such had been the success of the blessed Gospel that every science was an outcast. To speak your honest thoughts, to teach your fellow-men, to investigate for yourself and to seek the truth, these were all crimes, and the 'Holy Mother Church' pursued the criminals with sword and flame. The believers in God, and infinite Father, punished hundreds of offenses with death and torture. Such," said Colonel Ingersoll, "was the state of affairs."

"There was no trial by jury," said he, "and the rules of evidence allowed the conviction of the supposed criminal by the proof of the suspicion or hearsay, the witness being liable to be tortured, generally told what the judges wished to hear."

"This brought about almost universal corruption. When Voltaire was born the Church ruled the world. It was a period of almost universal corruption: the priests were mostly libertines, the judges cruel and venal, the nobles were heartless, arrogant and proud to the last degree, the common people were treated as beasts. It took the great Church a thousand years to bring about this happy condition of things."

"The seeds of the revolution," said the lecturer, "were being scattered unconsciously by every noble and every priest; they were germinating slowly in the hearts of the wretched; they were being watered by the tears of agony; blows began to bear interest, for there was a faint longing for blood. Workmen, blackened by the sun, bowed by labor, deformed by want, looked at the white throats of the scornful ladies and thought about cutting them."

But there had to be a change and there had to be some one to be one of the people. This man, the lecturer declared, was Voltaire.

"Voltaire," said he, "was of the people. In the language of the day, he had no ancestors. His real name was Francois Marie Arouet. His mother was Marguerite d'Aumard. She died when he was but seven years of age. The Arouets had never written a line, and the godfather of the illustrious Voltaire was a deist who cared nothing about his religion except in connection with his salary. Voltaire's father wanted to make a lawyer of the young man who, however, had no such tastes. The young man went to a Jesuit school, where, according to his own statements afterwards, he learned nothing but a little Greek, a little Latin and a great deal of nonsense. In the school they did not teach geography, mathematics, history—it was a Catholic institution controlled by the Jesuits, and they defended and supported religion; but behind the entire creed was the bayonet, the ax, the fagot and the wheel, and torture-chamber. Such were the surroundings of young Voltaire."

"There is but one use for law," said the lecturer, making a slight diversion, "but one excuse for government—the preservation of liberty, to give to each man his own; to secure to the farmer what he produces from the soil, to the mechanic what he invents and makes, to the artist what he creates, to the thinker the right to express his thoughts. Liberty is the breath of progress. In France the people were the sport of the king's caprice. Every one was in the shadows of the Bastille. It fell upon the sunniest field, upon the happiest home: with the king walked the headsman, and back of the throne was the torture-chamber. The Church appealed to the rack, faith relied on the fagot, science was an outcast, and philosophy, so-called, was the pandor of superstition; nobles and priests were sacred; peasants were vermin; idleness sat at the banquet, and industry grabbed the crusts and crumbs."

The lecturer, after this pleasant diversion, went on at length about the school life of Voltaire, who, at the age of seventeen, determined to devote his life to literature. The young man's father in speaking of his two sons—Armand and Francois—said, "I have a pair of fools for sons, one in verse, the other in prose." Voltaire early in life, became in a small way a diplomat, going to The Hague, where he attached himself to the French Minister. But he fell in love: the girl's mother objected; then Voltaire sent his clothes to the girl that she might visit him. But everything was discovered and she was dismissed. He wrote the girl a letter, in which is the key-note of Voltaire.

"Do not expose yourself to the fury of your mother. You know what she is capable of. You have experienced it too well. Dissemble: it is your only chance. Tell her that you have forgotten me, and that you hate me. Then, after telling her, love me all the more."

This episode in Voltaire's life not only brought about his dismissal from the Minister's court, but he was disinherited by his father, who gave his son the choice of going beyond the sea or going to prison. He gave in, and consented to become a lawyer, but before he was in an office a week wrote that he was trying to be a pettifogger." He wrote a poem, but did not win the prize he strived for; but all the while he was "learning the trade of a pettifogger" he was hating the law, and drifted more and more toward the literature he loved. Great questions at the time were agitating the public mind, and Louis XIV. had just died. The prisons of France were thrown open by the Regent. Thousands walked from gloomy cells, unable to tell why they had been incarcerated for many months. There was a change.

While all this was going on Voltaire was not greatly interested. He was busy—writing poetry: all his fancies were winged, like moths: he was charged with having written some cutting epigrams and exiled to Tulle, 300 miles away. He was allowed to return, but before going home wrote one of his characteristic sentences, namely,

"I am at a chateau, a place that would be the most agreeable in the world if I had not been exiled to it, and where there is nothing wanting to my perfect happiness except the liberty of leaving. It would be delicious to remain if I were only allowed to go."

But he did go, only to be re-arrested and this time sent to a bastille, where he remained for nearly a year. It was while in prison that he changed his name from Francois Marie Arouet to Voltaire, and by that name he has always been known to the world. In prison he began to think and inquire, and found that the religion of his time rested upon the usurpation of the Scriptures, the infallibility of the Church, the dreams of insane hermits, the absurdities of the fathers, the mistakes and faults of the saints, the hysteria of the nuns, the cunning of the priests, and the stupidity of the people. He found that the Emperor Constantine, who lifted Christianity into power, murdered his wife Fausta and his eldest son Crispus the same year that he convened the council at Nice to decide whether Christ was a man or the son of God. The council decided in the year 325 that Christ was substantial with the Father. He found that the Church was indebted to a Father who murdered his Son—for the vexed question of the divinity of the savior.

"He found," continued Colonel Ingersoll, "that Theodosius called a council at Constantinople in 381, by which it was decided that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father; that Theodosius the younger assembled a council at Ephesus in 431 that declared the Virgin Mary to be the mother of God; that the Emperor Marcan called another council at Chalcedon in 451 that decided that Christ had two wills; that Ignatius called another in 680, that Christ had two natures to go with his two wills; that in 1274, at the council of Lyons, the important fact was found that the Holy Ghost proceeded not only from the Father, but also from the Son at the same time."

These were revelations to Voltaire—are to us. He has been called a mocker. What did he mock? He mocked the kings that were unjust; kings who cared nothing for the sufferings of their subjects. He mocked the titled fools of the day; he mocked the corruption of courts; the meanness, the brutality, and the cruelty of the judges. He mocked historians who filled the works with lies, and philosophers who defended superstition; he mocked the haters of liberty and the persecutors of their fellow men.

"He has been blamed," said the lecturer, "because he used the weapon of ridicule. Hypocrisy has always hated laughter and always will. Absurdity detests humor and stupidity despises it. Voltaire was the master of ridicule. He ridiculed the impossible, the absurd. He ridiculed the mythologies and the miracles and the stupid lives of the saints. He found pretense and mendacity crowned with credulity. He found the ignorant many controlled by the cunning few. He found the historian saturated with superstition, filling his volumes with the detail of the impossible, and found the scientists satisfied with 'they say.'"

All this was brought to him by study. He set out to ridicule what he found to be absurd. Voltaire had the instinct of the probable, not the improbable. He knew the law of average—the level of the sea: he had the idea of proportion, and so he ridiculed the mental monstrosities and deformities—the non sequiturs—of his day. Aristotle said that woman had more teeth than men. This assertion went down into history, but it remained for Voltaire to count the teeth. The rest were satisfied with "They say." Voltaire wanted facts. He was the apostle of common sense. He knew that there could have been no primitive or first language from which all other languages had been formed; he knew that every language had been influenced by the surroundings of the people.

He knew that the language of snow and ice was not the language of palm and flower. He also knew that there had been no miracle in language: that everything in the whole world had been natural. He was the enemy of alchemy, in language and in science. A sentence from him solved the whole theory of the alchemists who had been fooling people for centuries. Said Voltaire: "To transmute iron into gold two things are necessary: First, the annihilation of the iron; second, the creation of gold." This philosophy was his, and it is true. He was a man of good humor and full of wit. He had the courage to enjoy the present and the philosophy to bear what the future might bring to him. He despised the creed of Calvin.

He pitied those who needed religion to be honest and cheerful. Yet for more than 150 years the world has fought this man, maligned his memory; in every Christian pulpit his name has been pronounced with scorn, and every pulpit has been an arsenal of slander. He is one man of whom no orthodox minister has ever told the truth. He has been denounced equally by Catholics and Protestants. Calumnies have been heaped upon his name and memory from every quarter of the world.

"I am amazed at the ministers who can not tell the truth about an enemy of the Church," said the lecturer. "As a matter of fact, almost every pulpit for more than 1,000 years has been a mint in which slanders were coined."

Voltaire filled all of Europe with the product of his fertile brain. He was restless. Essays, epigrams, tragedies, poems, histories, novels, and comedies were poured from his fertile mind by the score. It seemed that every faculty of the human mind was lodged somewhere in the most wonderful man of the age. At the same time, he was busy with speculation, hearing the gossip of the courts, listening to the scandals of the priests; again alive to all the theories of the philosophers and the discoveries of the scientists. With the eyes of Argus he watched, and with the arms of Briareus struck. For sixty years he waged unrelenting war. He lived like a prince, became one of the powers of Europe, and in him, for the first time, literature was crowned. In spite of his surroundings, Voltaire was a believer in God and in what he was pleased to call the religion of nature. He attacked the creed because it was dishonorable to God.

He thought of the Deity as a father, as the fountain of justice, of intelligence, of mercy, and the creed of the Catholic Church made him a monster of cruelty and stupidity. He attacked the Bible with all the weapons at his command. He assailed its geology, its astronomy, its idea of justice, its laws and customs, its absurd and useless miracles, its foolish wonders, its ignorance on all its subjects, its insane prophecies, its cruel threats, and its extravagant promises. At the same time he raised the God of Nature—the God who gives rain, light and food and flowers and health and happiness—He who fills the world with youth and beauty. The earthquake at Lisbon in 1755 changed the theology of Voltaire. He became convinced that evil is here now and forever. The establishment of the existence of an Infinite Being is beyond the conception of reason, he thought.

Beyond the imagination of man, probably or possibly, where the zenith and nadir meet, this God can be found. Voltaire fought with every weapon at his command. Often his apologies were open insults. His recantations were a thousand times worse than the things he recanted. He took what he said back by giving more. He did not intend to give priests the satisfaction of seeing him burn or suffer. He declared that he would say that Pascal is always right, that if St. Luke and St. Mark contradict one another it is only a proof of the truth of religion to those who know how to understand such things, and that another proof of religion is that it is unintelligible. He gave the best years of his wonderful life to succor the distressed and oppressed. He rescued the innocent, defended the poor, tried to reform the laws of his country, and do away with the horrors of torture. Voltaire was not a saint. He was never troubled about the salvation of his soul.

All the theological disputes excited his laughter and ridicule. He was better than a saint. The most of the Christians of his day kept their religion, not for every-day use, but for disasters, as ships carry life-boats to be used only in the stress of storm. He believed in the religion of humanity—of good and generous deeds. For centuries virtue had been painted so ugly and soot that vice was regarded as beautiful. Voltaire taught the beauty of the useful, the hatefulness of the superstitious. He was not the greatest of the poets and dramatists, but he was the greatest man of his time—the greatest friend of freedom and the worst enemy of superstition. He filled the air with painted moths—but not with Shaksperian eagles.

The lecturer quoted the tribute paid Voltaire by Goethe, and Carlyle the old "Scotch terror," with the growl of a grizzly bear, who attacked shams because he hated rivals, was forced to admit that Voltaire gave the death stab to superstition. It was the hand of Voltaire which sowed the seeds of liberty in Jefferson, Franklin, and Thomas Paine. Reference was made to Toulouse, the town in which every year there are two great and Holy events celebrated—the expulsion of the Huguenots and the blessed massacre of St. Bartholomew. A touching tribute was paid to Jean Calas, a martyr of the year of 1761. The persecution and execution of this man was called to the mind of Voltaire. It set him on fire; he wrote a history of the case, and for years he filled Europe with the groans of Jean Calas.

The judgment was annulled and thousands of dollars raised to support the martyr's family. This was one of the deeds of Voltaire. Several other instances of the kindness of the man were cited, and the lecturer declared with all the eloquence at his command that a better man at heart never lived, and asked, "Why should the worshippers of God hate the lovers of men?" The lecturer declared that all religions had practiced persecution. Instead of doing good for mankind religions, in the days of Voltaire, closed their eyes. Voltaire closed his eyes to the light of the Gospel and studied the Bible for himself. He demonstrated that the origin of all religions is the same. He proved that religion made enemies—philosophy friends—and that above the rights of God were the rights of men. Such a man God would not suffer to die in peace.

If allowed to meet death with a smile others might follow his example, until none would be left to the holy fires of the *auto da fe*. It would not do for so successful an enemy of the Church to die without uttering some shriek of pain. For a thousand years the clergy had manufactured facts to fit this theory—the infamous conception of the duty of man and the justice of God. There is no record in the world where the uplifted hand of murder has been paralyzed—no truthful account in all the literature of the world of the innocent being shielded by God. Said the lecturer:

"Thousands of crimes are committed every day. Men are at this moment laying in wait for their human prey: wives are whipped and crushed, driven to insanity and death; little children begging for mercy, lifting imploring, tear-filled eyes to the brutal faces of fathers and mothers; sweet girls are deceived, lured, and outraged, but God has no time to prevent these things, no time to defend the good and protect the pure. He is too busy numbering hairs and watching sparrows. He listens for blasphemy, looks for persons who laugh at priests, examines baptismal registers, watches professors in college who begin to doubt the theology of Moses and the astronomy of Joshua. He does not particularly object to stealing if you don't swear."

Such, said Colonel Ingersoll, is the common belief in religion. Now and then a man of genius and intellectual honesty has appeared and denounced the superstitions of his day but he had to make a hard fight against the public. Superstition gets its power from the terror of death. It would not do to have common people to think that they can deny the Bible, refuse to kiss the cross, contend that man is greater than Christ, and then die as sweetly as Torquemada did after pouring molten metal into the ears of an honest man, or as calmly as Calvin after the burned Servetus, or as peaceful as King David after advising with his last breath one son to assassinate another.

The Church has taken great pains to show that the last moments of all infidels are ones of wretchedness and terror. Upon the death-bed subject the clergy grow very eloquent. When describing the terrors of a dying unbeliever their eyes sparkle with delight. It is the festival. They become veritable hyenas upon such occasions. Unsatisfied, these ministers paint the terrors of hell, and gaze at infidels writhing in the coils of the worm that never dies. They see them in flames—in oceans of fire, in an abyss of despair—and are happy in the description of the scenes pictured.

"Let me die in peace" is the *auto da fe* presided over by God. At the death of Voltaire, at the age of 81, he was a man of greatness, of wealth. Around him were thousands of flatterers. He had lived in luxury, and towards the last of May, 1778, the priests began to think that God would forget Voltaire, and the whisperings of Paris spread the rumor that the great man was on his dying bed. When asked, two days before his death, if he acknowledged the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, Voltaire pushed the attendant aside and said, "Let me die in peace." Voltaire expired in a moment of tranquility. He took the hand of his favored valet de chambre, and said, "Adieu, my dear Morand, I am gone." These were the last utterances of the great man. Like a peaceful river, with green and shaded banks, he flowed without a murmur into the waveless sea where life is rest.

"Let us be honest," said the lecturer. "Did all the priests of France do as much for civilization of the world as did Voltaire or Diderot? Did all the ministers of Scotland add as much to the sum of the human knowledge as David Hume? Have all the clergymen, monks, friars, ministers, priests, bishops, cardinals, and popes from the day of Pentecost to the last election done as much for human liberty as Thomas Paine? What would the world be if infidels had never lived? The infidels have been the brave and thoughtful men: the flower of the world: the pioneers and the heralds of the blessed day of liberty and love: the generous spirits of an unworthy past: the seers and prophets of our race: the great chivalric souls, proud victors of the battle-fields of thought, the creditors of all the years to be."

The lecturer then went into detail about Voltaire's secret burial and the fears "that on the morning of the resurrection Voltaire might, through confusion, slip into heaven." Some of the infidels were burned and their ashes scattered to the winds and seas. Others were thrown to wild beasts. What would be done with Voltaire? He had known the history of Adrienne Le Couvreur, a beautiful actress, denied burial. His death was kept a secret. The Abbe Mignot made arrangements for the burial on the Romillon-the Seine—more than 100 miles from Paris. Sunday, on the last day of May, 1778, the body of Voltaire, clad in the dressing-gown, clothed to resemble an invalid, posed to simulate life, was placed in a carriage; at its side was a servant, whose business it was to keep it in position. Six horses, that the people might think that the great lord was going to estate, drew the body of the great Voltaire out of Paris. All night they traveled and the next day found the courtyard of the abbey, where mass was performed and Voltaire's remains laid to rest. A few moments afterward the Bishop received a letter forbidding the burial of Voltaire. But he could not be removed and was allowed to remain until 1794. Before Voltaire was dead the

foundations of State and throne had been snapped. Labor and thought became friends. For 400 years the bastille had been the outward symbol of oppression, but the battle-cry of "Vive le Voltaire," on July 14, 1793, showed the spirit of the people. Buried in stealth, over 100 miles from Paris, in 1791 permission was given to place in the Pantheon the ashes of Voltaire, and a whole nation looked with admiration upon the removal.

The savior of Jean Calas, the destroyer of superstition, was honored as no man was ever before honored in France. One night upon the ruins of the famous Bastille the remains of Voltaire were allowed to rest: the conqueror was resting upon the conquered: throne upon bastille, the fallen fortress of night, the body of Voltaire, from whose brain had issued the dawn. Thus the multitude saw the body of Voltaire, and while the people were trembling with love and awe a priest was heard to say: "God shall be avenged!" But the tomb of Voltaire was violated—ghouls, in the name of the gospel, desecrated the grave: they carried away the body of Voltaire. The tomb was empty. God was avenged, but the world is filled with Voltaire's fame. Man has conquered, the lecturer declared that Voltaire was thoroughly equipped for his work and had every subject as though he had become its master.

"With a woman's instinct knowing the sensitive nerves—just where to touch—hating arrogance of place, the stupidity of the solemn, snatching masks from priest and king, knowing the springs of action and ambitious ends, perfectly familiar with the great world, the intimate of Kings and their favorites, sympathizing with the oppressed and imprisoned, with the unfortunate and poor, hating tyranny and despising superstition, and loving liberty with all his heart. Such was Voltaire writing 'Edipus' at 17, 'Irene' at 83, and crowding between these two tragedies the accomplishment of a thousand lives."

A WONDERFUL WRITING MEDIUM.

AUTOMATIC WRITING THROUGH W. T. STEAD.

The *Christian Commonwealth*, (England) has a reportorial interview with Stead the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, and one of the most influential writers and editors of England, which is not only of interest to Spiritualists as showing the wide extension of their cause, and profound influence, but as a manifestation of spirit power. It also shows that mediumship to be at its best must be cultivated along the line of mental discipline and education.

The reporter begins by describing the editorial rooms, and the throngs of people who come and go from the poor woman seeking advice and influence to the cabinet minister.

Mr. Stead's own room is crowded with photographs of notable people and curious relics. Among others I noticed Cardinal Manning, Miss Willard, and the Prince of Wales; whilst a bust of the People's Cardinal looks down on his friend and admirer as he sits at his desk. Over one door is inscribed "Expect great things from God," over another, "Attempt great things for God." Mr. Stead showed me a pistol which belonged to Oliver Cromwell. A clairvoyant, he told me, to whom he handed it, who had no knowledge of its history, at once identified it as having been owned by a "man with a big nose," through which he kept saying, "Praise the Lord!" and then correctly named the original proprietor. A Turkish urn, in which rattle the bones of a Christian, affects a sensitive medium with feverish symptoms.

During the earlier part of the interview Mr. Stead walked about his room as his usual habit is. I began by asking:—"Are you a Spiritualist?"

"I never call myself a Spiritualist. I am simply an investigator of phenomena which as a rule are ignored by the majority of busy people. Certain facts have come before me, the only explanation of which seems to lie in a certain direction, but I am quite open to be convinced that the truth may lie in any other direction. If any one can bring me a better working hypothesis than of spirit-return, I am perfectly willing to receive it. But at present it seems to me no other explanation fits the facts, and until a better explanation is forthcoming I hold to my working hypothesis. That seems to me the only possible scientific attitude to take up in relation to any phenomena whatever."

"But are you sure of your facts?"

"Yes, I think I may say that I am absolutely certain of my facts."

"You might give me the details of one of those instances."

"With pleasure. Here is one which will perhaps illustrate this point as well as anything. Some years ago I was at Redcar, in the North of England. A foreign lady who does some work for the *Review* had to meet me at Redcar railway station about three o'clock. I was staying with my brother, who lives about ten minutes' walk from the station. At twenty minutes to three it occurred to me that 'about three,' the phrase used in her letter, might mean some time before three, and as I could not lay my hand upon a time-table I simply asked her to use my hand, and tell me what time the train was due; this, I may say, was done without any previous communication with her upon the subject. She immediately wrote her name, and said the train was due at Redcar station at ten minutes to three. I saw that I should have to leave at once, but before starting I asked her where she was at that moment. My hand wrote, 'I am in the train at Middlesbrough railway station on my way from Hartlepool to Redcar.' I then went off to the station. On arriving there I went up to the time-table to see when the train was due. It was timed to arrive at 2.52. The train, however, was late; three o'clock came, and it had not arrived. At five minutes past three, getting rather anxious, I took a slip of paper from my pocket, and taking a pencil in my hand asked her where she was. At that moment she wrote her name (they always write their names at the beginning and end of each communication) she said, 'I am in the train, rounding the curve before you come to the Redcar station: I will be with you in a minute.' 'Why the mischief have you been so late?' I mentally asked. My hand wrote, 'We were detained at Middlesbrough for so long; I do not know why.' I put the paper in my pocket, walked to the end of the platform, and there was the train! The moment it stopped I went up to my friend, and said to her, 'How late you are; what on earth has been the matter?' 'I do not know,' she said. 'The train stopped so long at Middlesbrough, it seemed as if it never would start.' I then showed her what my hand had written."

"No, she had no knowledge whatever that she was writing with my hand, and she was considerably amazed at finding that she had done so."

"Have you attempted communication at longer distances?"

"Oh, yes. For instance, I tried it with my eldest boy when he was on the Rhine last summer. He wrote, using my hand, twice or thrice quite correctly, but once the message got all wrong; how it happened I do not know, but I suppose in this kind of subtle mental telephone you are liable to cross-currents, just as you are in the electrical telephone. You get mistaken messages occasionally, but a mistaken message, or many mistaken messages, cannot impair the scientific value of the fact

that you have accurate information on many occasions."

"Does distance in any way affect the success of communication?"

"So far as I can ascertain, it makes no difference whatever."

"How did you find out that you had this wonderful faculty, Mr. Stead?"

"The answer to that question takes us on to the further questions of communication with intelligences purporting to be on the other side of the grave."

"It was the intelligence that guided my hand that told me about it. I had no idea, nor, so far as I know had anyone, either in the Psychological Research Society or among the regular Spiritualists, that the mind of a living person could use the hand of another person at a distance and write a message. But the intelligence that controls my hand while writing one day suddenly wrote, 'Why do you think it strange that I should be able to write with your hand. Anyone can write with your hand.' 'What,' said I, 'do you mean that living people on this earth can do so?' 'Try it; you will find that any of your friends can use your hand to write messages which they wish to communicate to you.' This seemed strange, almost incredible, but I promptly put it to the test, and found that the fact was exactly as she had said."

"She?"

"Yes; I said 'she' because the Intelligence which communicates that piece of information to me always professes to have been a lady friend of mine who died a little more than twelve months since. She was not a very intimate friend, I had only seen her twice in my life, but there was a great deal of sympathy between us. She was a journalist, as I am, and deeply interested in most of the movements in which I am working."

Mr. Stead showed me the lady's portrait, "Julia." She was a pleasant-faced woman, under middle age; pretty substantial, apparently, and not very spiritual-looking. "She appeared to a friend of mine," Mr. Stead resumed, "who was a still greater friend of hers, at a country house where I was staying. That friend was much disturbed because she could not hear what was said, and she asked me if I knew of any medium or clairvoyant who could hear any message that her dear friend might have to state to her. I then said that my hand had begun to write quite recently, and that as I knew the lady in question she might possibly use my hand. The next morning before breakfast I gave my friend on the other side an opportunity to write; she wrote, and she has written ever since."

"Really, Mr. Stead! How do you know it was not your own sub-consciousness?"

"That is just the question that I asked her. She gave me a test which seemed to me, and I think will seem to you, quite conclusive, that whatever intelligence it was that moved my hand it certainly possessed knowledge which the deceased lady possessed, but which I did not. The whole story is accurately written out in the chapter 'From the Other Side,' in my Christmas Number. It was my hand that was used to write the narrative attributed to 'Rose.' I have altered the names, but the two tests mentioned there were substantially the same."

"I was not at all intimate with Miss A.—('Julia') the message from her to me could not relate to my antecedents, but there is no question whatever as to her knowledge of facts not known to me which she has communicated to me. But I will give you an instance of the kind you asked for. A small thing will suffice, and although this does not refer to life on the other side of the grave, it related to facts quite beyond my own knowledge. The information was communicated to me exactly as a man would tell you an item of information that was of importance. I was going down to Preston one day to see the trial of a Foster printing machine, which I hoped some day might print a daily paper for me. I left home on the 18th August last with the intention of going to Preston in the afternoon to see the trial of the machine on the morning of the 19th. The owner of the machine had gone down a day or two before to arrange for a trial of the machine on the 19th before the chairman of his American board. When I left home I told my wife that I should not be back till the next day. On arriving at the office at ten o'clock, my hand, in the presence of my secretary, wrote this:

As he spoke, Mr. Stead took down a substantial diary, turned to August 18th, and read off the following entry. I following the words with my eye whilst I took them down in shorthand. The writing was rather straggly, though not large, sloping backwards, the words all being joined together, and with little or no space between. It reminded me of the work I have seen turned out by the electric telegraph. Here is the "message" from "Julia":—

"I want to tell you that things are not going quite right about the morning paper. You will not go to Preston to-day; the machine will not go right, and B— (owner of the machine) is in a state of frenzy. * * * The machine was tried on Wednesday morning (the previous day), and when it was working something broke, which will have to be mended, and the trial which you expected to-morrow will not be possible. B—is at the Metropole; you can telephone him, and he will tell you that things are so. I am quite sure that you will not go to Preston to-night. I do not want you to be disheartened about that machine; it is a good machine, but the delay will give you time to go to America, and that will be excellent for both you and M."

"On receiving that message, which," said Mr. Stead, "I did not expect in the least, for I had no reason whatever to believe that anything had gone wrong with the machine, I telephoned to the Metropole, and found that Mr. B. was there. I had expected he would be at Preston. He came round in the afternoon looking haggard and ill. I asked him what was the matter. He said that his head was bad, and that the worry he had about that machine was enough to kill him. I said: 'What is the matter?' 'Well,' said he, 'yesterday, you know, I had the Chairman of our American board there, and that machine no sooner got started than two of the springs broke that clip the paper and carry it round the cylinder. The result was the trial could not go on. I was so put out that I was physically sick, and my head is bad yet.' 'Then,' said I, 'what about going down to Preston to-night. Mr. B?' 'Oh,' he said, 'it is no use your going down to-night; the machine will have to be repaired.' I then smiled and said, 'I knew all that before you came, and produced the journal which I have just shown you, and read the message which had been written with my hand at ten o'clock that morning.'"

"And you had absolutely no other communication about the machine than that from 'Julia,' and until you received her message you fully intended going to Preston, and had no suspicion that Mr. B.—was at the Metropole; and you did not go to Preston, but went home?"

"I had absolutely no other communication, and the message from 'Julia' changed all my plans. Thus I know that an intelligence which is not my own mind is able to and does occasionally communicate things to me of which I know nothing. That is a verified and verifiable fact."

"How far does your intelligence know things that are going to happen?"

"What she says is this: That sometimes she is able to see what is going to happen, but she is not allowed to communicate such information, and at other times she doesn't know anything at all about it any more than we do."

"Can you give me any instance of this prevision on the part of your 'Intelligence'?"

"Certainly. The very first day on which she ever wrote with my hand she made a statement as to something that was to happen to a friend of mine concerning a long journey which she was about to take in the autumn. My friend laughed at the prediction, and said that it was absurd. So did everyone connected with her. But the intelligence that controls my hand calmly and constantly repeated her assertion. My friend, she said, would make that journey, notwithstanding everything that seemed against it. When my friend made engagements to attend public meetings in October or November of which I knew nothing, my hand wrote remonstrances saying that the engagements had been made, but that they would have to be cancelled as the journey would have to be taken. Down to the very last my friend ridiculed the story and laughed at the idea that she should alter her public engagements merely because my hand said she had to take a long journey which she was quite determined not to take. All the same it came true to the very letter."

Journalists, take heed. I remarked to Mr. Stead that if what he regards as his own "particular patent pet discovery" should stand the test of time, it would give him, as a journalist, a supreme advantage over others. "Exactly," he replied, "simply incalculable. Think of what a change would be effected by being able to receive a message from the heart of Russia or America instantaneously without the use of the telephone, telegraph, or any other mechanical medium of communication."

(Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

MRS. A. H. LUTHER.

It seems quite out of place for me to occupy one line in the columns of your paper, but the frequent solicitation to speak to my many friends far away, is my only apology. It is certainly gratifying to your readers to see the LIGHT OF TRUTH so completely filled with thoughts, coming from such as have wisdom to speak, and courage to call attention to the scenes now being rehearsed, either under the cover of night, or in the hallowed vaults made sacred by the tortures there applied to the poor unfortunate victims becoming the prey of these most gluttonous sons of God, dressed in their sacerdotal robes, representing Christian piety; and tuning the ear to catch the first command given by the infallible powers of the world, Popes Leo and Satolli, of Italy, whose ignorance is a disgrace to this age. And with the black club of St. Cyril of the fifth century in the hands of this brutal power, drawn ready to shiver the fine steel blade of American liberty, and utterly destroy the last vestige of our institutions, grown from our Declaration of Independence, giving to all equal rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, which impregnated for birth our constitution, and gave through the highest courts of human equity a liberty never before introduced into human society. It is no longer necessary for us to uplift the curtain which past ages have dropped, to view the (traceless shadows which Roman Catholicism has cast upon the civilization of the world far, from the sepulchers of bigotry, superstition and intolerance, in which lie the decaying powers of the priesthood, embalmed in a mass of corruption giving off (as one ex-priest after the other opens the door) a stench suffocating to the fine sensibilities of the American, reaching forth the long bony fingers from the hand of Rome, blackened by the ages of crime, not only to stab the heart of our Nation and tear into pieces our Declaration of Independence and National Constitution, but, as in the destruction of Alexandria, level to the ground our library, public school buildings and all institutions of learning, and burn every thought of human freedom, and every expression of human genius, which the energies of the universe have coined, within the human brain and the liberty bequeathed us by the sires and matrons of the revolution, have called forth and are now histories of the past and present.

For thirty-four years I have been upon the public rostrum within the ranks of the agnostic, a pioneer among the rocky kingdoms of the mental world, where the brain has been so paralyzed by fear, that superstition has moulded cliffs, crags, caves, and declivities in which the lives of millions of humanity have been thrust into most abject slavery. Within the homes I have heard many histories from woman, wife and mother mourning the degradation because of her sex; and man, husband and father longing in anguish for an intellectual power so necessary for the slave to become a free man, and all because laws were created and enforced by a religion which has stamped the devil's seal upon every child born, and labled it total depravity! Think of the innocent laughter rippling over the baby face until a sunshine, coming from a mother's love, a father's tenderness producing a brilliancy leaving the throne of God within the clouds of superstition, and labled total depravity, with the devil's seal. I am not surprised that millions of humanity have kept silent, while the priesthood have forged manacles of iron for their bodies and riveted chains of fear and superstition around their souls, and with manacled limbs and soul underneath the cruel heel of despotism, they have sought this God from whom they hoped compassion. But all in vain; prayers have been devoutly murmured, blessings invoked, and with manacled hands uplifted towards the heavens begging in prayer, and solemn chant in song, for one blessing but for a moment to sooth the tortured body and the degraded soul; but silence reigned, and God refused to speak. In vain have we waited the compassion of a personal Deity. In vain have we asked at the feet of priesthood for justice. We can no longer wait. The lovers of liberty must now be heard. This same power which has always placed ignorance upon the throne and wisdom in the dungeon of the outcast, has raised its hands upon our land and, as in the past, the one of power still covered with the blood of innocent millions; the other of greed, still robbing the mother and babe of the necessities for life, marking every step from the cradle to the grave, with a poverty which leads her sons to the gallows, thrusts them into jails and prisons, and her daughters from seven years of age the commencement of the Holy Fathers taking them into the confessional box, until death, are taught to massacre virtue and despise the sacredness of woman's life. I am a mother of children and grandchildren, and I ask every mother in this Nation and every daughter arrived at womanhood, to join me in demanding of national and State administrators why their silence when their curses are being poured into our lives, paralyzing our loves, destroying our hopes, and shutting out of our homes the sunshine of tenderness, covering!

all with the mantle of restlessness, until the fountain of maternity abjures the associations from which flows through its life the immortal soul into this vortex of ruin.

Why are our public schools interfered with? Why are thousands of our children, because born of parents of the religion of Rome, removed from these schools, and in ignorance pass through life in our country of boasted freedom to be mere chattels of priestly power? For no reason only that Rome, the manager of ignorance, the throne of despotism, the inaugural of a religion ever ready to curse a world to save itself has spoken. Shall we, as mothers, longer submit to the helplessness of the past and present? Must we, through our children, belong to homes made comfortable by position or wealth turn a deaf ear to the agonies of the mothers whose babes are crying for food and dying in rags because her toils get not sufficient response in this land whose reputation for prosperity exceeds that of any kingdom upon the face of the globe? We and our children have suffered enough; we have cried "peace! peace! but there is no peace." Mothers' sons, unassisted by her, have shown themselves quite incapable of administering a Republic to meet the demands for the most perfect, intellectual and moral culture of her daughters and themselves. In no instance has this inability shown more glaringly than removing thousands of children from the advantages of a public school education, to be kept in unmitigated ignorance under the control of Rome in parochial schools. What of the influence of these schools? Our citizens must know, that nine-tenths of those educated in them, living in this country, are enemies to our government and ready, should an opportunity offer, to kiss the toe of Satolli, the American Pope of Italy. The records of the parochial schools are sufficient to say they should have no abiding place in this nation. Not only by the emigration to our country do we see the degradation, but we read it in the histories of the world, when the Church has had full control of the education of the people. For centuries the civilization of Europe was under this power. Though Italy is the home of the parochial school; yet Dr. Sidney Strong tells us that in 1862 eight out of every ten Italians were unable to read or write. In 1860 seven out of every ten married couples could not sign their names to their own marriage certificates, and this country sends to us a Pope. Also in 1860 seven out of every ten Spaniards were unable to read or write. Our citizens must know that Ireland has almost entirely been under the control of this system of education.

In the year 1875 there were 100,000 people in the State of Massachusetts who were illiterate; ninety-four thousand of them were foreign born. Germany has public schools—it sent less than one thousand; Ireland mainly under the control of the parochial school, sent sixty-seven thousand. Every fourth Irishman that landed in Boston Harbor was not able to write his own name, according to the census of Massachusetts for 1885.

Look at the people of the republics of Central and South America. From their birth education has been in the hands of the Church, and the only recognized school is the parochial. All through these divisions of Mexico comes but one report, only a small per cent. could read or write, which establishes the fact that parochial schools have failed to teach the people how to read and how to write. In looking over the countries of Europe, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Ireland, and France, as well as South and Central America. While they submitted to the system of the parochial school, the masses were dwelling in ignorance. If the Roman Church can mention one nation whose children they have taught to read and write, we could have a little consideration of their claim. Since the establishment of common schools in Italy, only about thirty years ago, great Church troubles have existed. The Roman Catholic religion is seriously in danger when the people are educated.

Instead of Italy being under the yoke of priestly power of 1860, and wrapped in almost impenetrable darkness of national ignorance, she has overthrown the temporal power of his Holiness the Pope and now boasts of the education of her young people. Look at the divisions of all Europe and you will find education passing from the control of the Church into the hands of the States. From Southern Italy to Northern Sweden all are moving in the direction of a system of education controlled entirely by the States, and made entirely secular. Both Europe and South and Central America send these results to the United States. And we, as mothers, beg of you not to take the old, cast-off, dirty, ragged garments of Rome, to clothe the educational demands of even the Jesuit's child, born and raised in America. It will not do: it is not large enough; too short at both ends; its texture too coarse, and colors all faded into cardinal, all of which the ideality and sublimity of our children ignore. Catholic mothers, unite with us in protecting your rights in this country, and we will assist in placing your children (though born without life's necessities and raised with little care) side by side with the more influential Protestant of this land. Come to us, we will remove your daughters from the horrors of the confessional box by placing the box along with the slave block as relics of the dark ages. Not by the bullet and shell, but by justice to every Catholic mother and her babe.

Crown Point, Ind., March 1, 1893.

St. Louis, Mo.

During the past month Edgar W. Emerson has been our speaker. The meetings during his brief stay with us have been well attended, and the hall at times crowded to the utmost by an intelligent and critical audience. His world-wide reputation as a test medium bringing out many who knew little of our philosophy, yet anxious and willing to be convinced that there is no death.

Many a saddened heart was filled with joy by the sweet and tender messages from those gone before.

One incident I will relate, which, perhaps, will be of interest to your many readers. In the audience was a gentleman by the name of John F. Doerbaum, an entire stranger to Mr. Emerson, to whom Mr. Emerson gave his brother's initials, A. D., which was not recognized at first, until Mr. Emerson, to make it more convincing, gave the brother's name in full, "Alexander Doerbaum." Then followed a more convincing proof of spirit-return to the same individual.

During the year of 1872 Mr. John Doerbaum and Charles Leavy were clerking in one of our courts, Mr. Leavy was a Spiritualist, and frequently talked to Mr. Doerbaum on the subject, and finally agreed upon this test. Whichever passed to the other side first agreed to return, if possible, and take the watch of the other from the left side pocket, where they always carried them and place it in the right hand, which Mr. D. did not believe could be done at that time.

Though twenty years had elapsed since that time Mr. Leavy did not forget to fulfill his solemn promise.

Mr. Emerson gave the name of Charles Leavy, then rushing down the aisle to where Mr. Doerbaum sat, threw his arms around him, and taking the watch out of Mr. D's vest pocket and placed it in his right hand, giving the name of Charles Leavy and the message "I live."

At the conclusion of which Mr. D. arose in the audience, exclaiming: "That is the test, and to all thoughtful minds such evidence cannot fail to convince."

Mr. Emerson left many warm friends, whose only regret was that he could not remain longer with us.

The progressive church and dance given by the Ladies' Aid on the evening of the 3d inst was an enjoyable affair and a financial success. MRS. CHARLES SPIRMAN, Sec'y.

St. Louis Spiritual Association.

